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MEMOIRS

OF

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq

WITH

A COLLECTION

OF HIS GENUINE

BON-MOTS, ANECDOTES, OPINIONS, &c.

MOSTLY ORIGINAL.

AND

THREE OF HIS DRAMATIC PIECES,

Not published in his Works.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

By WILLIAM COOKE, Esq.

———" A merrier man
I never spent an hour's talk withal,
His eye begat occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one did catch,
The other turn'd to a mirth-moving jest."

SHAKSPEARE.

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MEMOIRS

OF

SAMUEL FOOTE.

BON-MOTS, CHARACTERS, OPINIONS, &c.

I. *The Discovery.*

A GENTLEMAN praising the personal charms of a very plain woman before Foote, the latter whispered him, "And why don't you lay claim to such an accomplish'd beauty?"—"What right have I to her?" said the other.—"Every right, by the laws of all nations; as *the first discoverer.*

II. *The Retort Courteous.*

Following a man in the street who did not bear the best of characters, he slapped him familiarly on the shoulder, thinking he was an intimate friend. On discovering his mistake, he cried out, "Oh! Sir, I beg

your pardon, I really took you for a gentleman who ——."—"Well, Sir," said the other, and am I not a *gentleman?*" "Nay, Sir," said Foote, "if you take it in that way I must only beg your pardon a *second time*.

III. *Garrick.*

Previously to Foote's bringing out his *Primitive Puppet-Show* at the Haymarket Theatre, a lady of fashion asked him, "Pray, Sir, are your puppets to be as large as life?"—"Oh dear, Madam, no: not much above the size of Garrick!"

IV. *Port Wine.*

Dining at the table of a nobleman who generally gave nothing but port wine, Foote met his wine merchant there, who asked him, in the course of conversation, how the last pipe of port turned out? "Why, I should suppose pretty well," said he, "as I *have had no complaints from the kitchen.*" There was as much truth as jest in this reply; as Foote, when he was in cash, indulged his servants in all kinds of luxuries.

V *Cape Wine.*

Being at the same table another day, when the Cape was going round in remarkable small glasses,

his Lordship was very profuse on the excellence of the wine, its age, &c. "But you don't seem to relish it, Foote, by keeping your glass so long before you?" "Oh, yes, my Lord; perfectly well: I am only admiring how *little* it is considering *its great age*."

VI. *Modish Civility.*

Walking on the north parade at Bath in company with a friend, he returned the salute of a man of fashion who bore rather a suspicious character. "Do you know whom you saluted?" said his friend. "Oh, yes, perfectly well, but what can a man do? You know there's no *turning one's back* upon such fellows."

VII. *Mrs. Macauley.*

When Mrs. Macauley published a pamphlet called "*Loose Thoughts*," several ladies, who happened to be in company with Foote, reprobated the title as very improper for a woman.—"Not at all, ladies; the sooner a woman *gets rid of such thoughts the better*."

VIII. *Matrimony the best Doctor.*

An artist belonging the Royal Academy being much hypped, was eternally complaining of illness, but could never tell what was the matter with him. At last he married; which being told to Foote, he exclaim-

ed, "I heartily wish him joy; for now he'll readily find out what's the matter with him."

IX. *An old Proverb.*

The same artist meeting him sometime afterwards, exclaimed, "Well, Foote, you have been premature about my finding out my disorder, as I have got the *best* wife in the world."—"I am sorry for that, my dear friend; for you know the old proverb, *bad is the best.*"

X. *A cure for bad Poetry.*

A physician at Bath told him that he had a mind to publish his own poems; but he had *so many irons in the fire*, he did not well know what to do. "Then take my advice, Doctor," said Foote, "and *put your poems where your irons are.*"

XI. *Arithmetical Criticism.*

A mercantile man of his acquaintance who would read a poem of his to him one day after dinner, he pompously began:

"Hear me, O Phœbus! and ye Muses nine!

Pray be attentive."—"I am," said Foote, "*nine* and *one* are *ten*; go on."

XII. *The Parson his own Glebeholder.*

A well-beneficed old parson being in a large company at a public dinner, he entertained them with nothing but the situation and profits of his parochial livings, the *glebe* of which he said he kept *entirely to himself.* The company were much teased with this for some time; when Foote, observing the parson stretch across the table a pair of dirty brown hands, instantly exclaimed, "Well, Doctor; I don't know what the company may think of you, but for my part, I now see you do keep *your glebe in your own hands.*"

XIII. *The Dear Wife.*

A gentleman just married, telling Foote that he had that morning laid out three thousand pounds in jewels for *his dear wife;* "Well," said the other, "you have but done her justice; as, by your own *reckoning*, she must be a very *valuable woman.*"

XIV *The Retort piquant.*

A lady of suspected virtue being one night at Vauxhall gardens when the company of *impures* were rather numerous, observed to Foote, who was walking with her, "How *beastly full* the place was!"—"Why, no, Madam," said he, looking her full in the face; "I think 'tis rather *brim-full.*"

XV. *Baron Newman.*

This celebrated gambler (well known about town thirty years ago by the title of the *left-handed Baron**) being detected, in the rooms at Bath, in the act of secreting a card, the company, in the warmth of their resentment, threw him out of the window of a one pair of stairs room where they were playing. The Baron meeting Foote some time afterwards, loudly complained of the usage, and asked him what he should do to repair his injured honor. "Do?" said the wit, "why, 'tis a plain case; never play *so high* again as long as you live."

XVI. *Major P——ton.*

Meeting the Major at Bath (a character then well known in the annals of play), he asked him, with all the cordiality occasioned by a long absence, how he was? "Ah, Foote!" said the other, "I have had a terrible accident since I saw you last; no less than the *loss* of my eye."—"An eye, my dear fellow!" cried the other with the greatest seeming anxiety; "pray, *at what game?*"

* The occasion of this appellation was, his concealing a card at piquet under his left hand, which his antagonist perceiving, thrust a fork through his hand, and nailed him to the table, which gave him a partial lameness in that hand ever after. This unhappy man shot himself about the year 1786, after an unsuccessful season at Brighton.

XVII. *The Lame Lover.*

When Foote parted with his Theatre to Colman, he got himself engaged at the same time as a principal performer; but some difference arising about settling the value of the comedy of *The Lame Lover*, Colman observed, that it would not bring so much as the other pieces, and therefore he should have an abatement. "Yes, yes," said the other, "it will; for though he is *nominally lame*, I shall always lend him a *foot* for his support."

XVIII. *The Newspaper.*

A proprietor of a declining newspaper being asked in company how much he *divided* yearly, and demurring to the question, Foote answered quickly, "Oh, Sir, this is an *amicable* society; *they never divide upon any account.*"

XIX. *Sir Francis Blake Delaval.*

Foote at a very early period of his life formed an acquaintance with this gentleman, which continued with uninterrupted good humor and friendship to the death of the latter. (They seemed to have possessed from nature what are perhaps the best requisites for so intimate an union)—a similarity of taste and studies; with a superiority in the one not to dread a rivalship of the other, and a disposition in the other to

acquiesce in that superiority. Pleasure, through its infinite ramifications, was the great object of their lives; and both having fortunes (the one, patrimonial; the other, acquired) to support this object, they pursued it in all its sources; from books and the most brilliant conversation, sometimes to the lowest species of buffoonery.

In this partnership of wit and humor, Foote stood first in the *firm:* which the other submitted to with the most perfect accord; playing his part, where he could, by either rebutting the jests of his colleague, or himself, commencing the first attack.

XX. *The same.*

Sir Francis, having *dipped* his estates considerably, turned his thoughts towards matrimony; and as he was a remarkably handsome man, with a fine address and polished manners, he stood fair to establish himself to advantage in this line. Foote happened to be acquainted with Lady Harriet Paulet: a lady with ninety thousand pounds at her own disposal, but very plain in her person; and it is said equally so in her understanding. He introduced his friend, who soon gained upon her affections, and a day was appointed for the marriage: but a doubt striking Sir Francis, why Foote, whom he knew to be as much in want of money as himself, did not marry her, he put the question to him. "And so I would," said Foote, "but"—"But what, Sir?" said the other, impatient,

ly.—"But that I happened to be already married to my washer-woman*."

XXI. *The same.*

When Sir Francis introduced his lady into the gay world, he was much rallied by his acquaintance on the homeliness of her person; upon which Foote said, "that as *he* made the match, he must likewise make his friend's apology; which was, that he bought her by *weight*, and *paid nothing for the fashion*."

XXII. *The same.*

Soon after the death of the above-mentioned lady (who did not long survive her marriage), a mutual acquaintance of the parties meeting Foote, said "he had just seen Sir Francis dressed in deep mourning, by which he supposed he must have lost some valuable friend."—"Oh! no," said the other; "Frank's *only a widower*."

XXIII. *The same.*

Sir Francis sitting one night in the front boxes of Drury-lane with a lady of fashion, whilst Sevigney

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* A familiar name which he always applied to his wife.

(who had been bred a cutler) was playing *Selim* in *Barbarossa*, the lady felt herself much affected with a particular passage, and exclaimed, "I am almost ashamed of my weakness, but that man *cuts me* to the very heart!"—"Oh!" dear Madam," said the other, "how can it be otherwise? consider, he's *a razor-grinder*."

XXIV. *The same.*

Whenever these two wits were in town at the same time, they generally dined together, either at their own or some of their friends' houses, the tavern, &c. Foote, just after returning from Ireland, lived mostly with Sir Francis; who, though he kept a good table, did not always spread it with much taste. The conversation turning one day on the hospitalities of the Irish, Foote praised them much; and said, "they had the superiority in living, in some respects, above us." This Sir Francis denied, by saying, that "though they gave good things, they did not generally introduce them to the best advantage."

Soon after this, Sir Francis having occasion to step into an adjoining room, Foote turned round to one of the company, and cried out, "Did you ever hear such a hound as this? talking of the elegancies of a table! and here I have been seven days together dining with him on a greasy loin of pork. What he

can mean by it, I don't know; except he means to run his pork against *The Beggar's Opera**."

Sir Francis by this time returned; and overhearing the last sentence, good-humoredly exclaimed, "What, Foote! at my loin of pork still?—" No," said the other, perfectly unabashed, "your loins of pork have been *at me*; and if you don't *take them off*, in another week I suppose I shall be as full of bristles as Peter the wild man."

XXV. *The same.*

These little sallies of humor, however, did not interrupt the harmony of the two friends. They played, as it were, the first and second fiddle occasionally; and provided the concert contributed to their own or the company's amusement, all was well. Sometimes they regaled themselves over a bottle; sometimes amused themselves in the green-room, sporting with the performers; sometimes at ridottos, masquerades, &c. and occasionally making the *virtuoso* round, as they called it,—which consisted in visiting all the curious exhibitions from the Tower to Hyde-park-corner.

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* About this time, Beard and Miss Brent were performing in THE BEGGAR'S OPERA, night after night, at Covent-garden Theatre with great success.

Sir Francis carried this whimsical humor into the country; where, whether at his own house, or at his brother's (Lord Delaval), Foote, as his *arbiter deliciarum*, arranged all the festivities. These were composed, by turns, of an ass race, a puppet-show, a grinning-match, a shift-race by women; and lastly (though not least frequently) a sack-race, in which all the runners were close buttoned up to the chin in sacks, and in this condition the first who *jumped* to a certain distance was the winner.

These amusements drew a great deal of the company of the neighborhood to Seaton Delaval; where they all partook of the convivialities of the table, as well as the sports on the lawn.

In the midst of this gay, frolicsome life, Foote suggested to Sir Francis, "that as he (Sir Francis) was fond of the stage, and a good performer himself, it would be turning his talents to some account, to get up some creditable play, in which himself and friends might fill up the characters." The hint was immediately taken; and Garrick was applied to for the use of his Theatre, who readily granted it at the request of so many noble and honorable suitors.

Private theatricals were at this period very rare; they had been almost laid aside from the time when Frederick Prince of Wales had honored them by his encouragement at Clifden and Leicester houses: so that the report of this intended *fête*, as a novelty, drew much of the attention of the town. The scenery was for some months in preparation, the dresses

were magnificent, and tickets of admission were distributed to only the first people of condition. The play fixed upon was *Othello:* the part of *Othello*, by Sir Francis; *Iago*, by his brother (the present Lord Delaval); *Desdemona*, by Lady Mexborough: and after the play, there were to be a ball, supper, &c. in a grand style.

Foote was intended to be one of this party; but, either from accident or design, did not attend till the play was finished, and then entered the great green-room as the company were all taking refreshments. "Oh, Foote! where have you been? what have you lost! such a play you'll never have another opportunity of seeing!" was the general buz from one end of the room to the other. To all this the wit bowed contrition, disappointment, and so forth; when slily approaching the place where Garrick sat, he asked him, in a whisper loud enough to be heard by the whole company, "what he *seriously* thought of it?"—"Think of it!" says Garrick, equally wishing to be heard, "why, that I never *suffered* so much in my whole life!"—"What! *for the author?* I thought so. Alas! poor Shakspeare!"

The company not being prepared for this stroke, the laugh was unanimous against Garrick; which Sir Francis joined in with as much good humor as if he was not at all affected by the sarcasm.

XXVI. *The same.*

Sir Francis and Foote, strolling from the Turk's-head tavern in Gerard-street, not a little inebriated, espied a *bona roba* most tawdrily dressed out, ogling them from her drawing-room window. This was enough to excite the gallantry of Sir Francis; who, instantly dropping upon one knee, theatrically exclaimed, "*Ah, ma chere belle!*" Foote, seeing this, was determined not to be outdone in gallantry; and accordingly, placing himself by the side of Sir Francis, exclaimed in the same impassioned tone of voice and manner, "*Ah, ma Jeze-bel!*"

XXVII. *Lord Delaval.*

This nobleman having presented one of his chaplains to a good living, a person in company said, "Well, let the Delavals alone for doing things in a *good style?*" (stile).—"It may be so," said Foote, "but it is not, however, *their usual gait*" (gate).

XXVIII. *Death of Sir Francis.*

But the moment at last arrived which was to break this bond of fun, wit, and humor, for ever. Sir Francis depended too much on the strength of a good constitution, to balance his successive dissipations; hence he grew corpulent, acquired gross humors,

and (what was still worse) was subject to spasms in his stomach, which, though often alarming, gave no check to his irregularities.

During the summer of 1772, dining at the house of his brother-in-law (Lord Mexborough), and taking a good deal of ice after a hearty dinner, he felt himself so suddenly and violently chilled, that he called for a tumbler of brandy, which he drank off at once. At that moment a convulsive spasm seized him, and he fell from his chair senseless. He was carried home in this state, and had every proper assistance administered to him, but in vain. He died, without ever recovering from his fit, on the following morning.

Foote heard of this melancholy event with a sincere sorrow. He loved him with as much constancy of friendship as he could feel towards any man; and to be deprived of him in the meridian of life, when they thought they had many more follies to commit, and many more pleasures to hunt down, was a disappointment of a distressing nature to a *brother wit*; besides, Sir Francis was at times his *flatterer*, and occasionally his *dupe*; and Foote might, in this respect, have felt a loss similar to that ascribed to the Duke of Buckingham:

"No *wit* to flatter left, of all his store;
No *fool* to laugh at, which he valued more."

But whatever motives might have formed the basis of his grief, his immediate sorrow on hearing of the

event was pungent and sincere. He burst into a flood of tears, retired to his room, and saw no company for three days.

On the fourth, Jewel, his treasurer, calling on him for the arrangement of some urgent business, he, with swelled eyes and in faultering words, inquired when Sir Francis was to be buried. "Not till the latter end of next week, Sir," replied the other; "as I hear the surgeons intend first to *dissect his head.*" This last expression (as in instances of madness) striking the chord of his ruling passion, he suddenly exclaimed, "And what will they get *there?* I'm sure I have known poor Frank these five-and-twenty years, and I never could find any thing *in it.*"

XXIX. *Holland, the Actor.*

A similar instance of the predominance of his favorite passion, was afforded by the death of Holland, of Drury-lane Theatre. This performer was the son of a *baker* who lived at Chiswick: and having an early inclination, as well as certain abilities, for the stage, young Holland was brought out under the immediate patronage and tuition of Garrick: from whom if he did not catch his divine *fire*, he imitated his *art* so well, in many instances, as to render himself very respectable in the line of his profession.

Foote had a long intimacy and regard for him; and when Holland died of the small pox, about the year 1768, he left our hero a legacy, and appointed

him one of the bearers to his funeral; which last office he performed with a sincere sorrow. Looking in at the Bedford Coffee-house the same evening, he was asked whether he attended the remains of his old friend to Chiswick? "Oh! yes, poor fellow," said he (the tears scarce dry upon his cheeks); "I have just seen him *shoved into the family oven.*"

XXX. *The Character of Sir Francis Blake Delaval. By a Friend.*

This gentleman was born with very superior advantages of person and of fortune. The former he availed himself of in the prosecution of his pleasures; the latter he employed alternately as a means of dissipation and of generosity. In modern honor and modern gallantry, he vied with the first fashionables in Europe; and if blending foreign pleasures with English eccentricities constituted a *real patriot*, he even surpassed the most sanguine of the Bill of Rights*.

Had he been born in the court of Nero, he, in all probability, would have attained the highest honors. Not that he possessed a grain of that monster's cruelty; but, from being inspired with an ambition for

* Sir Francis was a strenuous supporter of a club at that time which adopted the name of "The Bill of Rights." It had a degree of *popularity*, and that, probably, was his principal inducement.

the same amusements, he would have rode with him as a charioteer, fiddled with him as a musician, fenced with him as a gladiator, and strutted with him as a player.

Though indolent in business, he was active in his pleasures; and so strongly did he possess the spirit of emulation, that he would be the leading *showman* of his day, whatever species of frivolity was the fashion. Yet, with all these drawbacks upon his character, he was not deficient in either wit, or learning, or in the ready application of both. He excelled sometimes in repartee; and once replied to the late Lord Chatham in the House of Commons, with a point and promptitude, which for a time abashed even that celebrated statesman*.

His early and long acquaintance with Foote cultivated his talents for *fun* and *bon-mot*; in the former of which points he was a proficient, but in the latter attempted too frequently to be always successful. He was, notwithstanding, what may be well called an

* Mr. Pitt having attacked some opinions of Sir Francis in the House of Commons (soon after he had himself abandoned his former ideas of a German war) as savouring too much of the *buffoonery of the stage*; Sir Francis, in reply, said, "that if *once* performing a character on the stage could be imputed to him as an act of buffoonery, he must plead guilty to that charge: but this he could say in his own justification, and he could wish it would equally apply to the Right Hon. Gentleman who spoke last, that it was the *only part* he ever played in his life."

agreeable gay companion: and to this character he united generosity, affability, politeness, and good nature; nor was he, perhaps, ever intentionally any man's enemy.

Let those who dislike this character on the whole, first ask themselves whether, under the temptation of such a figure, such a fortune, and such vivacity of constitution, they would not have some difficulty in leaving, themselves, one more perfect?

XXXI. *Irish Hospitality.*

Foote praising the hospitalities of the Irish, after one of his trips from the sister kingdom, a gentleman present asked him whether he had ever been in *Cork?* "No, Sir," said he, quickly; "but I have seen a great many *drawings* of it."

XXXII. *Miss Brent.*

Before the present alterations were made in Vauxhall-gardens, it was common, on a rainy night, for the company and singers to retire to the rotunda, where the amusements of the evening were carried on. Foote, on one of these occasions, happened to be sitting just under the celebrated Miss Brent (who was remarkable for a *strong breath*), while she sung one of her favorite songs, which was loudly applauded and *encored*. "Well, Foote," said a lady, seeing him rather silent in his applause; "what think you of this?

song? You don't seem to like it much."—"Why, as to the words, my lady, I think them very pretty; but to tell you the truth, I don't much relish *the air*."

XXXIII. *Fordyce the Banker.*

At Fordyce's sale at Roehampton (in 1772), Foote, who attended almost every day, bought nothing but a pillow: on which he was asked what particular use he could have for a single pillow? "As a *narcotic*," said he; "for if the original proprietor could sleep so soundly on it, at the time of owing so much as he did, it may be of singular service to me on many occasions*."

XXXIV. *Dr. Kenrick.*

One of the performers coming up to Foote in the Green-room with a long face, said, he had just heard, that Dr. Kenrick was going to give a public critique on his last new comedy of *The Cozeners* at *Mary-bone-gardens*. "Is he so?" said Foote: "well, let the Doctor take care of the fate of our first parents, a *fall in the garden*."

XXXV. *Neutrality in Polemical Divinity.*

Happening to spend an evening with two dignitaries of the church, the subject insensibly turned on

* The original of this is a *bon-mot* of the emperor Augustus.

polemical divinity; which causing a difference of opinion between them, they appealed to Foote. "I thank you, gentlemen, said he; "but I always make it a rule never to meddle *in family affairs*."

XXXVI. *Woodward.*

Woodward having some difference with Garrick about increase of salary, consulted Foote on the subject, and urged the reasonableness of his demand from the great variety of characters in which he was engaged. "Why, indeed Harry," said Foote, "considering you play in *pantomimes* as well as *comedies*, I think you are fully entitled to the money, whether you are paid by the *hour* or the *ground*."

XXXVII. *Mrs. Abington.*

When Mrs. Abington returned from her first very successful trip to Ireland, Foote wished to engage her for his summer theatre, but in the mean time Garrick secured her for Drury-lane. Foote, on hearing this, asked her why she gave Garrick the preference? "I don't know how it was," said she, "he talked me over by telling me he would make me *immortal*, that I did not know how to refuse him."—"Oh! did he so; then I'll soon outbid him that way; for, come to me, and I will give you two pounds a week more, and *charge you nothing for immortality*."

XXXVIII. *Dining badly.*

Foote returning from dinner with a *lord of the admiralty*, was met by a friend, who asked him what sort of a day he had had. "Very indifferent indeed: bad company, and a worse dinner."—"I wonder at that," said the other, "as I thought the admiral a good jolly fellow."—"Why, as to that, he may be a good *sea-lord*, but take it from me, he is a very bad *land-lord*."

XXXIX. *Dining worse.*

On another day, coming from the same nobleman's table, he exclaimed, "Worse and worse! every thing about the table *stunk* but the vinegar, and that was *sweet*."

XL. *Dibble Davis.*

Dibble Davis, one of Foote's *butts in ordinary*, dining with him one day at North-end, observed, that "well as he loved porter, he could never drink it *without a head*."—"That must be a mistake, Dibble," returned his host; "as you have done so to my knowledge above these twenty years."

XLI. *The Point of Female Beauty.*

Being asked at what time of life he thought female beauty, began to decline, he replied: "Woman is to

be counted like a game of piquet: twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight, twenty-nine,—*sixty*."

XLII. *Marquis Townsend.*

Being at the levee of Lord Townsend when that nobleman was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he thought he saw a person in his Excellency's suite whom he had known to have lived many years a *life of expediency* in London. To convince himself of the fact, he asked his Excellency who it was? "That is Mr. S——, one of my *gentlemen at large*," was the answer; "do you know him?"—"Oh yes! perfectly well," said Foote, "and what your Excellency tells me is *doubly* extraordinary: first, that he is a *gentleman*; and next, that *he is at large*."

XLIII. *Mrs. Reddish.*

The Mrs. Reddish who was originally Miss Hart, playing the queen in *Richard III.* one evening at Drury-lane, and being of a very coarse masculine make, a gentleman asked Foote who she was. Being told that her name was *Reddish*, he exclaimed, "Reddish! Reddish! pray what Reddish?"—"Why zounds, Sir!" said Foote, "dont you see? *Horse*-Reddish to be sure."

XLIV. *Stratford Jubilee.*

At the time of Stratford Jubilee, planned and conducted by Garrick in honor of Shakspeare, the weather in general turned out very wet and cold, particularly the day appointed for the great dramatic procession. Garrick meeting Foote that morning in the public breakfast-room, just in the time of a very heavy shower of rain, exclaimed, with evident chagrin, "Well, Sam, what do you think of all this?"—"Think of it!" says Foote, "why, as a *Christian* should do; I think it is *God's revenge against vanity.*"

XLV. *The same.*

Meeting with Lacy (Garrick's brother manager,) a little before this time, they were talking of the badness of the weather, and their apprehensions of the procession-day proving wet. "And in this case," said Foote, "what will you do?"—"Do!" says Lacy, shrugging up his shoulders in his usual coarse way, "why if the day should turn out, as you say, wet and windy, Garrick and his mummers may parade it as much as they please, but *none of the clothes shall walk.*"

XLVI. *The same.*

During this festival, which drew together most of the wits, dramatists, and *amateurs*, of Shakspeare, from every part of the three kingdoms, Foote distinguished himself, at all the public places, in a capital line of wit and brilliancy. Being on the green one evening, rattling away in his usual manner, a large fat country squire, most gorgeously dressed out in silver-laced clothes, approached the circle with great civility, and entered into conversation with him. Foote, taking him for one of the better sort of natives of the town, thought this a good opportunity to pick up some anecdotes about Shakspeare; but the squire, to avoid a subject for which he was totally unfit, turned it off, by complaining of the badness of the roads, the extortion of the inns, bad beds, &c. "Oh! then it appears," says Foote, "you are not a native of this town."—"No, no, Sir," said the squire, "I am no native, I came all the way from Essex to see the show." "From Essex?" returned Foote (seemingly in a great surprise, and viewing him from head to heel); "and pray, Sir, let me ask you one question more: *Who drove you?*

XLVII. *Old Scotch Prejudice.*

At a table where he dined in the interior parts of Scotland, an old lady being called upon for a toast,

gave *Charles the Third.* "Of Spain, Madam?" said Foote. "No, Sir," cried the lady, with some pettishness; "of England!"—"Poh! poh!" said one of the company, "never mind her; she is one of our old folks, who have not got rid of their political prejudices."—"Oh! dear Sir, make no apology," cried Foote; "I was prepared for all this; as from your living so far north as you do, I suppose none of you have *yet* heard of the *Revolution.*"

XLVIII. *Difference of Political Opinions.*

While at Edinburgh, he was urged to *take off* Wilkes, who was at that time as obnoxious in Scotland as he was popular in England. He answered, that he had but one objection; which was, "that as he intended to *take himself off* for London in a few days, he did not choose to *sup on brickbats and rotten eggs* the first night of his arriving in the metropolis."

XLIX. *Trees in Scotland.*

On his return from Scotland, being asked by a lady whether there was any truth in the report that there were no trees in Scotland? "A very malicious report indeed, my lady," said he; "for, just as I was crossing Portpatrick to Donnaghadee, I saw two black birds perched on *as fine a thistle* as ever I saw in my life."

L. *Lord Kellie.*

Foote, who lived in habits of intimacy with this nobleman, took as many liberties with his face (which somewhat resembled in appearance a meridian sun) as ever Falstaff did with his friend Bardolph's. One day his Lordship choosing to forget his promise of dining with him, it piqued him so, that he called out, loud enough to be heard by the whole coffee-house where they were sitting, "Well, my Lord; since you cannot do me the honor of dining with me to-day, will you be so good, as you ride by, just to *look over against my south wall?* for, as we have had little or no sun for this fortnight past, my peaches will want the assistance of your lordship's *countenance.*"

LI. *The same.*

His Lordship having cracked some jokes upon one of his friends rather too coarsely, an Irish gentleman, who heard of it, said, if he had treated him so, he would *pull him by the nose.*"—"Pull *him* by the nose," said Foote: "you may as well thrust your hand into a furnace."

LII. *The same.*

The same noble Lord coming into the club, on a hot summer night, dressed in a somewhat tarnished suit

of laced clothes, the waiter announced "Lord Kellie!" "Lord Kellie!" repeated Foote, looking him full in the face at the same time, "I thought it was *all Monmouth-street in flames.*"

LIII. *The same.*

A gentleman at Foote's table complaining that the beer was cold, "Hand the tankard then to Lord Kellie," said he, "and it will be *fire-proof* in a moment."

LIV. *Appropriate Motto.*

During one of Foote's trips to Dublin, he was much solicited by a silly young man of fashion to assist him in a miscellany of poems and essays, which he was about to publish; but when he asked to see the manuscript, the other told him, "that at present he had only *conceived* the different subjects, but had *put none of them to paper.*"—"Oh! if that be the state of the case," replied Foote, "I will give you a motto from Milton for the work in its present state:

"*Things unattempted yet, in prose or rhyme.*"

LV. *Real Friendship.*

A young gentleman making an apology to his father for coming late to dinner, said, "that he had been visiting a poor friend of his in St. George's Fields." "Ah! a pretty kind of friend indeed," says

the father, "to keep us waiting for dinner in this manner."—"Aye, and for the best kind too," said Foote; "as you know, my dear Sir, *a friend in need* is *a friend indeed*."

LVI. *Motto for a Charlatan.*

When the celebrated empiric first set up his chariot, he consulted Foote about the choice of a motto. "What is your crest?" said the wit. "Three *mallards*," answered the Doctor. "Why then, the motto I would recommend to you is this, *Quack! quack! quack!*

LVII. *Motto for a Physician.*

Being asked by a lady to translate a physician's motto, which was, "*A numine salus*," he quickly replied, "*God help the patient?*"

LVIII. *Sir W. W. W——.*

The first time that Foote was in company with this gentleman, who was remarkably corpulent, he was asked how he liked him. "Oh! a true Welshman," said he; "all *mountain* and *barrenness*."

LIX. *Colonel Bowden.*

Having some *pique* towards Colonel Bowden, who stuttered remarkably, he happened to cross him on

the Richmond road, as he was taking a ride with a friend, "How do you do, Colonel?" says Foote's companion. "Pre—pre—pretty," stammered the Colonel, endeavoring to say *pretty well*; when Foote desiring the post boy to drive on, his companion exclaimed, "Why do you drive off so rudely?" —"Oh!" replied Foote, "to save time; as we shall be at Hounslow before he'll be *well enough* to give you an answer."

LX. *The same.*

Bowden, who was a very fat man, being in Germany, while he was an officer in the guards, happened to be sent on what is called a *flying party*, of which he gave his father (who was nearly as fat as himself) the following laconic account:—

DEAR SIR,

Our general has thought fit to select *me* for a *flying party*; and as you seem to have the same *family talents* for enterprises of this description, I shall not be much surprised if I hear that they have engaged *you* to play *Harlequin* next winter at Drury-lane.

LXI. *The same.*

The same facetious gentleman dining one day at the house of Thrale, the member for the borough, and seeing nothing to his liking in the first course, answered only, when asked to be helped to any thing

"I will wait for something else." A neck of mutton being the last thing, he refused it also. Mrs. Thrale, in some confusion, apologized for her dinner, by saying, "that the high winds had that morning thrown down the kitchen chimney and she was afraid there was nothing else but some pastry." Bowden roused at this, and seeing the mutton on the point of being carried from the table, stuttered out to the servant as well as he could, "Holloa, master! bring that back again: I now begin to find it is *neck or nothing!*"

LXII. *The same.*

Bowden being in the stage-box one night when Mrs. Pritchard was Playing in the masque of *Britannia*, her pasteboard armor was buckled on so tight, particularly about the neck, that she could hardly articulate her words. This created some confusion for a time; when Bowden, seeing the cause, stuttered out as loud as he could "Will nobody slit that dear woman's dripping-pan for her? If they don't, poor *Britannia* will be outdone."

LXIII. *The late Duke of Norfolk.*

When the late Duke of Norfolk was Mr. *Howard*, he published a book called *His Own Thoughts*, of which he promised *a second part*. Being in company with Foote some time after this at the Bedford coffee-house, he pressed our hero to give an opinion of his

book, which the other at first declined; but at length, being at a loss for an excuse, he replied, "I will wait for your next book, Sir; *second thoughts are best.*"

LXIV. *Lord H——.*

Sitting with Lord H—— (who was much addicted to the bottle) previously to a masquerade night, he asked Foote "what *new* character he ought to appear in?"—"New character!" said the other, pausing for some time, "suppose you go *sober*, my Lord!"

LXV. *Dr. Arne.*

Some years ago Dr. Arne produced an *operatta* at Covent-garden Theatre, called *The Rose;* which, though full of *scriptural allusions*, was hissed off the first night. Foote getting into the lobbies just after its fate, was asked what he really thought of it?—"Why, bating the *religion* of it," says he, "I never saw a piece so justly *damned* in all my life."

LXVI. *Advice to a dramatic Writer.*

A dull dramatic writer, who had often felt the severity of the public, was complaining one day to Foote of the injustice done him by the critics: but added, "I have, however, one way of being even with them; by constantly *laughing* at all they say." "You do perfectly right, my friend," said Foote;

"for by this method you will not only disappoint your enemies, but lead the *merriest life* of any man in England."

LXVII. *Levee-hunting.*

He used to say, "that the difference of the *hue* of a court-levee after the death of a *general officer* or of a *bishop*, was that of a lobster *before* and *after* boiling."

LXVIII. *Dr. Blair.*

When Foote first heard of Dr. Blair's writing Notes on Ossian (a work, the reality of which has always been much doubted), he observed, "the booksellers ought to allow a great discount to the purchaser; as the *notes* required such a *stretch of credit*."

LXIX. *Merchant-taylors' Hall.*

Dining at merchant-taylors' hall, he enjoyed himself so pleasantly, that he sat till the company was much thinned; when, watching his opportunity, he rose, and with great gravity took leave by saying, "Gentlemen I wish you *both* good night."—"Both!" echoed one of the company; "why, Foote, are your drunk? here are at least above a dozen of us left!"—"Oh! yes," said the wit, "I know that: there are just *eighteen*; but as nine taylors only make a man,

I wish to be correct; therefore, as I said before, gentlemen I wish you *both* good night."

LXX. *The difference of exchange.*

Dining at a nobleman's table, where the company were praising the claret, his Lordship told them that he had received that hogshead of wine in return for a couple of hounds, which he some time before presented to Count Lauragais. "Why then, my Lord," cried Foote, "I not only think your wine excellent, but *dog-cheap*."

LXXI. *Lady A——.*

Meeting with Lady A—— at Brighton, he asked her what brought her there? "Why really," said she, I don't know: *mere wantonness*, I believe."—"And pray, my Lady, *have you been cured yet?*"

LXXII. *A good Memory.*

A lady who had made several *faux pas* in life, being afterwards married very happily, a company of friends were talking over the circumstance, and mentioning that she had the frankness to tell her husband, before marriage, *all* that had happened. "What candor! what honesty!" added they. "Yes," cried Foote, joining in the general praise; "and what an *amazing memory* too!"

LXXIII. *Lady S——.*

Lady S——, who lived in good health and spirits to the great age of ninety-two, was asked when eighty-four, at what time of life the passion of love generally fails. "That," said she, "is a *question of experience*, which I cannot *at present* determine!"

LXXIV. *Second Appearance.*

A young lady having made her *debût* at the Haymarket Theatre with very indifferent success, and being of course laid on the shelf, was every now and then soliciting Foote to know "when she should make her next appearance?"—"Your next appearance?" said he one day musing: "let me see: why, Madam, by the time the public have forgotten your first."

LXXV. *Gratitude of Players.*

A person abusing the players in general one night in company with Foote, said, among other coarse things, "that they had not even one grain of *gratitude* about them."—"Nay, now," said Foote, "you are too severe upon the profession; for, to my certain knowledge, there are no people more distressed at *benefits forgotten.*"

LXXVI. *The Mind an Improver of the Features.*

It being observed by a lady how much better a female of their mutual acquaintance, who had been raised from a humble situation, looked than she did a dozen years before: "Very true," said Foote; "but consider the *education of her face* since that time."

LXXVII. *Parliamentary Oratory.*

A young member of parliament having made a long *declamatory* speech, his uncle asked Foote "how he liked it? and whether he did not think posterity would speak of it?"—"Oh! no doubt, no doubt," said he, wishing to get rid of the subject. "Well," continued the other, "but what do you think they will say?"—"Will say?" returned he, pausing; "why, they must say, if they do the young gentleman justice, that he *once flourished in parliament.*

LXXVIII. *The same.*

On the same young gentleman, who was rather *backward in paying his debts*, he said "he was a *very promising* young man."

LXXIX. *Irish Peasantry.*

When Foote was in Ireland, on seeing the wretched appearance of the peasantry there, particularly in

regard to their apparel, he observed, "that he never knew before what the beggars in England did with their *cast off clothes*."

LXXX. *Surgeon-general A——r.*

Mr. A——r, then a handsome young surgeon in the army, was suspected of an intrigue with a married woman of high fashion; and the report was, "that he was caught in her very bed-chamber at an unseasonable hour of the night." Her friends, however, endeavored to get rid of it, by saying, that "the lady having borrowed a very scarce book, pledged herself to return it the next morning; and therefore got young A——r to read it to her."—This apology every body understood as they liked; Foote however vindicated the lady's honor very strenuously, by saying, "she was not only totally innocent of the charge, but he could mention the very book they were reading together; namely, *The Christian's Daily practice, in sheets.*

LXXXI. *Quin.*

When Quin first heard of Foote's success in *giving tea* at the Haymarket, he said, in his sarcastical manner, "he was glad of it; for now, poor devil! we may expect to see him with a clean shirt on." Foote, hearing of this, charged him one night at the Bedford with taking such a liberty with him, as to

say, "he should now wear *clean shirts*."—"No, Sir," says Quin, very gravely, "I did not say *shirts*, I said *shirt:* when I spoke of you on this subject, I could not be so *ignorant* as to use the *plural number*."

LXXXII. *Jealous Doubts.*

Foote had two natural children, to whom he was much attached. As they were playing about his knees one evening after dinner, a French gentleman present asked him' "Sont-ils par la *même mere*, Monsieur?" "Oui, Monsieur," replied he; "by the *same mare*, but I have strong doubts whether by the *same horse*."

LXXXIII. *The same.*

The mother of the above children was a servant of his, who lived with him for several years; but, on one of his trips to Paris, went off with a *base viol* player belonging to the Opera-house. On his return, he never looked after her, but enjoyed himself as if nothing of the kind had happened. The lady however, feeling either remorse, or perhaps the want of her former good establishment, solicited strongly to be restored; alleging, "that though she had left his house, not knowing when he would return, she had done nothing to forfeit his esteem."—"What, Madam!" said he, "done nothing to forfeit my esteem! Have you not been *base*-ly *viol*-ated? and now do you want to run *your gamut* upon me?

LXXXIV. *Mutability of this World.*

Being at dinner in a mixed company soon after the bankruptcy of one friend and the death of another, the conversation naturally turned on the mutability of the world. "Can you account for this?" said S—tt, a master-builder, who happened to sit next to Foote. "Why, not very clearly," said the other: "except we could suppose *the world was built by contract.*"

LXXXV. *Garrick.*

Garrick attending the rehearsal of *Venice Preserved*, when a new actress highly recommended to him, was to make her *debût* in *Belvidera*, she repeated that tender exclamation, "Would you kill my father, Jaffier?" with so much *sang froid* in her voice and countenance, that, after several attempts to set her right, he whispered her, nearly in the same tone, "Can you chop cabbage, Madam?"

LXXXVI. *The Situation of the Grafton Ministry.*

A gentleman coming into the Cocoa-tree one morning during the Duke of Grafton's administration, was observing, "that he was afraid the poor ministry were at their *wit's end.*—"Well, if it should be so," said Foote, "what reason have they to complain of so *short a journey?*"

LXXXVII. *Churchill.*

Being asked his opinion of Churchill the poet, he said that Lilly the grammarian had already given his character in one line with great accuracy :

"*Bifrons, atque custos; bos, fur, sus, atque sacerdos**."

LXXXVIII. *Hugh Kelly.*

Hugh Kelly, the author of *False Delicacy*, &c. dining with Foote one day, in passing through the drawing-room, looked into the library; and, being surprised at the smallness of the collection (the principal part of his books being at North-end), rather triumphantly exclaimed, "Why, hey-day! I have got almost as many books myself!"—"Perhaps you may, Sir," said the other; "but consider, you *read* all that you *write*."

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* Which line Mr. Gostling, a clergyman of Canterbury, has parodied in the following humorous manner :—

Bifrons—not living as he preaches;
Custos—of all that in his reach is;
Bos—when among his neighbors' wives;
Fur—when a gathering-in his tithes;
Sus—sitting at a parish-feast;
Sacerdos last, a *finish'd priest.*

LXXXIX. *The same.*

The same author was boasting, that, as a *reviewer*, he had the power of distributing literary reputation as he liked.—"Take care," said Foote, "you are not too prodigal of that, *or you may leave none for yourself.*"

XC. *Spirits.*

A very *thin* lady seriously asked Foote whether he believed *in spirits?*—"Aye, Madam," replied he, looking her full in the face, "*as sure as you are there.*"

XCI. *Grecian Drama.*

Foote told Lord Carlisle, that he once had it in contemplation to bring out a piece in order to ridicule the absurdities of the Grecian Drama.

His plan was as follows:—He was to introduce but one personage, who was to be a mock despotic monarch, attended by a chorus of tinkers, taylors, blacksmiths, musicians, bakers, &c. This character was to strut about the stage, boast of the unlimited extent of his imperial power, threaten all with fire and sword, take the city of London, storm the Tower, and even threaten to dethrone the sovereign himself.

The Chorus, terrified at these exploits and menaces, were then to fall upon their knees, tear their hair, beat their breasts, and supplicate his imperial highness to spare the effusion of so much human blood; to which, after a conflict of contending passions during the course of five acts, the hero was to agree, and the piece was then to conclude with a full hymn of thanksgiving for the deliverance of so many individuals *.

XCII. *A Method to avoid Duelling.*

Dining at the house of a nobleman who gave him a *bad dinner* and *worse wine*, but who had happened to fight a duel some time before, he was afterwards asked how he liked his reception. "Oh!" said he, "that fellow should never ask any body to his house but his *antagonists*, as then he might *poison them* without *running the risk of his own life*."

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* With all deference to Foote's comic abilities, it may be thought that a drama founded on this model would not generally succeed. The far greater part of an audience know nothing of the *Grecian unities*, which this piece was intended to ridicule, therefore, though it might gratify *a few* among the number of scholars and men of taste, the mass of the audience, not understanding the *original*, would, of course, have very little relish for the *caricature*.

XCIII. *A new Taste for Literature.*

A great epicure having bought a library, a person was wondering what he could do with it, as he was well known to prefer a *good table* to all the books in the world. "It may be partly for that reason," said Foote; "for the *Table of Contents*."

XCIV. *Dr. Johnson.*

Dr. Johnson, being asked by a lady why he so constantly gave money to beggars, replied with great feeling, "Madam, to enable them to beg on."

XCV. *The Graces.*

Of an actress who was *remarkably awkward with her arms*, Foote said, "she kept the *Graces at arm's-length*."

XCVI. *Rich, the Manager.*

Rich, the patentee of Covent-garden Theatre, had many eccentricities of character; and one of the number was his constant forgetfulness of the names of his performers, as well as those of his most intimate friends. In a conversation one day with Foote, he called him "Muster Footy." The other looking grave upon this, Rich made an apology; and said, "he was so unfortunately absent in that respect, that it

was no unusual thing in him to forget his own name." —" Why that is singular enough," said Foote, " for though I knew you could *never write it*, I did not think you could forget it."

XCVII. *Mode of Burying Attorneys in London.*

A gentleman in the country who had just buried a rich relation, who was an attorney, was complaining to Foote, who happened to be on a visit with him, of the very great expenses of a country funeral, in respect to carriages, hatbands, scarves, &c. " Why, do you bury your attorneys here?" asked Foote, gravely. " Yes, to be sure we do: how else?"—" Oh! we never do that in London." " No!" said the other, much surprised; " how do you manage?"—" Why, when the patient happens to die, we lay him out in a room over night by himself, lock the door, throw open the sash, and in the morning he is entirely off." —" Indeed!" said the other in amazement; " what becomes of him?" " Why, that we cannot exactly tell, not being acquainted with supernatural causes. All that we know of the matter is, that there's a *strong smell of brimstone in the room the next morning*."

XCVIII. *Conjugal Love.*

A person praising the affections of the widows of Malabar, who burn themselves on a funeral pile in honour of their husbands' memory; Foote observed,

"that the women of England claimed a higher honour; for they frequently *burned* before marriage for their *first husband*, and afterwards for a *second*."

XCIX. *How to repair a House.*

A friend telling Foote that he had just purchased a house which he thought a good bargain, though he doubted from its being so old, whether it would stand the lease? "What sort of next-door neighbors have you?" demanded he.—"Why, what have my next-door neighbors to say to my house!"—"More than you seem aware of; for by your own account, a great deal of your safety depends upon their being *good house-holders*."

C. *Sir Joseph M——.*

The above baronet, who was a *distiller* by profession, having made a speech in parliament in favor of administration, in the course of which, as the lawyers say, he proved rather too much," the opposition next day were jesting with Foote about it. "Ah!" said the latter, "Sir Joseph would be a very good kind of man, if he would only bring out with him, what he generally leaves at home,—a *still-head*."

CI. *Garrick.*

The Lying Valet being one night added as an afterpiece to the admirable comedy of *The Devil upon*

Two Sticks, Garrick, coming into the green-room, cried out to Foote, "Well, Sam! I see, after all, you are glad to take up with one of my farces."—"Why, yes, David," said the other, "what could I do better? I must have some *ventilator* for this excessive hot weather."

CII. *Duke of Leinster.*

Foote, dining one gala-day at the Duke of Leinster's in Dublin, where all the *family plate* was brought out, and the table covered with a *profusion of made dishes*, happened on the same night to sup at the Countess of Brandon's; who, seeing him eat rather heartily, cried out, "Why, Foote, I thought you dined with the duke to-day, who entertains in the grandest style of any man in Ireland?"—"That may be so, my lady; but it is not in my style to dine in a *silversmith's* shop, and have all the victuals brought from the *apothecary's*."

CIII. *Dibble Davis.*

The players rallying Dibble Davis one morning in the green-room on the awkward cut of a new coat, he apologized for his own taste by saying, "it was the *fault* of his taylor."—"Yes," said Foote, "poor man, and his *misfortune* too."

CIV. *Theophilus Cibber.*

The following similar anecdote is told of Theophilus Cibber. His father, seeing him dressed out in a superb suit of clothes one morning in the green-room, lifted up his eyes in surprise (knowing the deranged state of his finances), and exclaimed: "Oh, The, The! I really pity you."—"Pity *me*, father!" said The, coolly surveying himself in the glass, "you had better pity my taylor."

CV. *Hypocrisy.*

A person of rather doubtful integrity was bragging to Foote, "that however other people might act, he had the satisfaction to feel that his *heart* always lay at his *tongue's end*." "I always thought so," said the other; "as I knew it never lie in *the right place*."

CVI. *Doctor B——r.*

An apothecary in Cheap-side, during a violent influenza, exhibited at his shop-window, "The four-thieves' vinegar sold here*." This being observed by

* It is said that, during the great plague in London, four thieves, availing themselves of the public calamity, took that opportunity to plunder the houses of the dead and dying, yet, notwithstanding, escaped the infection themselves. On its being

a physician of Foote's acquaintance who used the shop, he carelessly asked the apothecary "how long it was since he took in *three* partners?" The apothecary assuring him that he stood alone in the firm of the house, the doctor took him to his window, and recommended to him "*to deceive the public no longer.*"

CVII. *The same.*

The same physician being at Batson's coffee-house (a house well known to be long and much frequented by the faculty), a gentleman happened to call out for a *weak doctor*, (a glass of rum and milk was then known by this name). "Waiter," said the physician, "don't you hear what the gentleman calls for?"—"Yes, Sir, and I am *making* one as fast as possible." "Making one, you blockhead!" said the other; "why give yourself so much trouble? when, if you'll but go to the upper end of the room, you'll find enough *ready made* to your hand."

CVIII. *The Bath Apothecary.*

Foote riding out on the Downs, near Bath, in company with a friend, they observed at some distance a

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inquired how they thus ensured their own safety, it was found, that they constantly carried about them sponges of prepared vinegar; which preparation future apothecaries adopted in all infectious times, and sold under the denomination of "the four-thieves' vinegar."

person coming towards them, who appeared to be dressed out *in gold lace*. "What beau on horseback is this?" said the friend: "Psha!" (on his coming a little closer), "'tis no body, after all, but the little quicksilver apothecary with his tawdry waistcoat."— "Be a little more circumspect for the future," said Foote, "as you see it is not *all gold that glisters*."

CIX. *The Apothecary outwitted.*

A gentleman having a rich aunt (to whom he was presumptive heir) very much in the hands of her apothecary; who not only laid her under an annual contribution for medicines she little wanted, but frequently meddled in family affairs; at last took a resolution to retaliate on him in the following manner:

He called upon him one day, seemingly in a violent passion; and after reprobating him for the various impositions practised on his relation, added: "But this is not the worst of it, Sir: not satisfied with imposing on her credulity in expensive and unavailing medicines, I find you have had influence enough to prevail on her to bequeath you two thousand pounds legacy in her will, to the absolute robbery of me and my family."

This last piece of news, though pleasing to the apothecary's ear, he most strenuously denied having the least knowledge of. "Well, well," continued the other, "you may go on a little longer, but my father will be in town in about a fortnight's time; and then,

as much as you may plume yourself on your hypocrisy, the will shall be entirely altered."

"And now," said Foote (who generally told this story in the company of some medical man), "what do you think was the consequence!"—"Why, the old joke, that the lady, leaving off medicine, recovered of her *maladie imaginaire*."—"No such thing, I assure you; the apothecary was too wise to trust to so *common* a case: for, understanding that his patient's brother was coming to town in a fortnight in order to alter the will, which he supposed was in his favour, he took care the sister *should die before that time*. But, alas! when the will came to be opened, there was no legacy for the doctor, so that he had nothing but the *murder* to console him for his ingenuity."

CX. *Affectation.*

An assuming pedantic lady boasting of the many books which she had read, often quoted *Locke upon Understanding*; "a work," she said, "she admired above all things; yet there was one word in it, which, though often repeated, she could not distinctly make out; and that was, the word *ide-a*" (pronouncing it very long); "but I suppose it comes from a Greek derivation."—"You are perfectly right, Madam," said Foote; "it comes from the word *ideaousky*."—"And pray, Sir, what does that mean?"—"The *feminine of ideot*, Madam."

CXI. *Extreme Avarice.*

A person talking of an acquaintance of his, who was so avaricious as even to lament the prospect of his funeral expenses, though a short time before he had been censuring one of his own relations for his parsimonious temper: "Now is it not strange," continued he, "that this man would not *take the beam out of his own eye*, before he attempted the mote in other people's?"—"Why, so I dare say he would," cried Foote, "if he was sure *of selling the timber*."

CXII. *Physiognomy.*

Being asked whether the infant child of a very weak father did not carry a corresponding likeness, he replied, "I am not so great a physiognomist as to know whether the father is like the child; but this I know, there is a *great deal of the child* in the father."

CXIII. *The Fate of Men of Genius.*

(A conversation piece.)

Plautus turned a mill. Terence was a slave. Boethius died in a jail. Paulo Borghese, though he had fifteen different trades, yet starved with them all. Tasso was often distressed for five shillings. Servin (one of the *suite* of Maximilian, duke of Sully, in his embassy to England during the reign of James the

First; and one of the most learned and accomplished men of his age) died drunk in a common brothel. Bentivoglio was refused admittance into the very hospital which he erected. Edmund Allen, the celebrated actor and cotemporary of Shakspeare, died in a similar institution of his own.

Corneille, the great French dramatic writer, was so poor, that he has been seen in very old age standing at the entrance of a cobler's stall with only one shoe on, while the other was mending; and Racine left his family in such distress as to be supported by a pension which his friends solicited for them. Crichton (by way of distinction called *the admirable Crichton*) of whom more will be said below in page 60), who was the most accomplished, as well as the most learned and dissipated man of his time, lived on the supply of the day, and at length lost his life in a midnight brawl in the public street.

Butler's talents, though the delight of the age he lived in, and his immortal work the principal subject of the court conversation, was never master of fifty pounds*. Otway is said to have died of hunger;

* Butler lived on, neglected, for some time after the publication of his Hudibras; though the King and courtiers had his work so much in their memory, that they scarcely quoted any other book. At last the duke of Buckingham, urged by the remonstrances of Wycherly, agreed to spend an evening with Butler at a tavern, as introductory to relieving him from all his wants. The evening arrived; but scarcely was the duke seated, when

Camoens ended his days in an hospital; and Vanglas left his body to the surgeon to pay his debts.

CXIV. *In continuation, by the Editor.*

Cervantes*, the celebrated author of Don Quixotte, after being imprisoned, and meeting many unaccountable slights and hardships, died for want. Churchill died a beggar. Lloyd, his friend and *brother* patriot, died in the Fleet; where he previously existed for some years by soliciting daily charity, and subscriptions for works which he never meant to publish. Bickerstaff ran away as much for debt as for the crime imputed to him. Dr. Goldsmith was nearly two thousand pounds in debt when he died; and Hugh Kelly, author of *False Delicacy*, &c. died in just the same condition.

Dr. Paul Hifferman, an author well known about the same period, contracted his last illness, which was a jaundice, from mere want, and was then supported by a friendly subscription.

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he spied an *inmate* of his acquaintance crossing the opposite room. This circumstance was irresistible to the duke: he immediately followed her, and never saw Butler afterwards.

* Cervantes died on the 23d of April, 1616, the very day which closed the life of our immortal Shakspeare; perhaps the literary world never before suffered such a loss at once.

Purdon, though bred at Trinity college, Dublin, and always considered as a good scholar and a man of taste, was so dissipated, that, after subsisting for many years as a bookseller's hack, he ended his days in an hospital.

Jones, author of *The Earl of Essex*, being run over by a night-cart in the street, was carried to an hospital (for want of any other lodging), and was supported there by the master of the Bedford coffee-house till he died.

Boyce, one of the earliest cotemporaries of Dr. Johnson, and originally a writer with him in the Gentleman's Magazine, expired in a miserable garret on Tower-hill.

Sterne, the celebrated author of *Tristram Shandy*, though his works sold uncommonly well, and his income as a clergyman, together with his reputation as a writer, might have commanded respect and independence, left a wife and daughter in great distress, dying seven hundred pounds in debt.

Mrs. Manley, the author of the original *Atalantis*, and the *protegée* of Swift, Steele, Prior, &c. finally subsisted on the bounty of alderman Barber; while Floyer Sydenham, the learned and elegant translator of Plato, was latterly supported by one Nott, a publican near Temple Bar; who having known him in better days, kindly remembered him in the time of sickness and misfortune.

To this melancholy catalogue we may add the subject of these Memoirs; who, though the heir and possessor of three successive fortunes, and the natural inheritor of as much wit and humor as perhaps ever fell to the lot of one man, yet was so thoughtless about pecuniary affairs, that he was often at a loss for the supply of the day which was passing over him; and, except the income which he derived from the sale of his theatre, and which died with him, he did not leave as much behind him as discharged his funeral expenses.

CXV. *Literary Anecdotes.*

In a miscellany like this, where we are occasionally rambling over the flowers of genius and the fates of literary men, no apology will perhaps be necessary for introducing the following anecdotes, not generally known, relative to some of the above-mentioned extraordinary characters.

Servin.

When Maximilian Berthune, duke of Sully, and chief minister to Henry IVth of France, was coming over ambassador to England in the year 1603, he had in his *suite* (which consisted of above two hundred persons, mostly of distinction) a young man of the name of Servin; whose character is so very extraordinary, that nothing less than the pen of the no-

ble and respectable historian himself can render it credible.

"The beginning of June," says he, "I set out from Calais, where I was to embark, having with me a retinue of above two hundred gentlemen (or who called themselves such), and of whom a considerable number were really of the first distinction. Just before my departure, old Servin came and presented his son to me, begging that I would use my endeavors to make him a man of some worth and honesty, though he confessed it was what he dared not hope;—not through any want of capacity in the young man, but from his natural inclination to all kinds of vice.

"The father was in the right. What he told me having excited my curiosity to gain a thorough knowledge of young Servin, I found him at once to be a *wonder* and a *monster*; for I can give no other idea of that assemblage of the most excellent and the most pernicious qualities.

"Let the reader represent to himself a man of genius so lively, and an understanding so extensive, as rendered him scarcely ignorant of any thing that could be known; of so vast and ready a comprehension, that he immediately made himself master of whatever he attempted; and so prodigious a memory, that he never forgot what he once learned. He was master of every part of philosophy and the mathematics, particularly fortification and drawing. Even in theology he was so well skilled, that he was an excel-

lent preacher whenever he chose to exert that talent, and an able disputant either for, or against the reformed religion. He not only understood Greek, Hebrew, and all the languages which we call *learned*, but likewise all the different jargons, or modern dialects: he accented and pronounced them so naturally, and so perfectly imitated the gestures and manners both of the several nations of Europe and of the particular provinces of France, that he might be taken for a native of all, or any of those countries; and this quality he applied to counterfeit all sorts of persons, in which he succeeded wonderfully.

"He was, beside, the best comedian, and greatest buffoon, that perhaps ever appeared. He had a genius for poetry, and had written many verses. He played upon almost all instruments, was a perfect master of music, and sung most agreeably and justly. He likewise could say mass, for he was of a disposition to do, as well as to know all things. His body was well suited to his mind: he was light, nimble, dexterous, and fit for every kind of exercise. He could ride well; and in dancing, wrestling, and leaping, he was as much admired. There are not many games of entertainment that he did not know, and he was skilled in almost all the mechanic arts.

"But now for the reverse of the medal.—He was treacherous, cruel, cowardly, and deceitful: a liar, a cheat, a drunkard, and a glutton: a sharper in play, immersed in every species of vice, a blasphemer, and

an atheist. In a word, in him may be found all the vices contrary to nature, honor, religion, or society: the truth of which he evinced with his latest breath; as he died in the flower of his age, in a common brothel, entirely corrupted by his debaucheries; and expired with a glass in his hand, cursing and denying God!"

James Crichton.

Among the favorites of nature that have from time to time appeared in the world, enriched with various endowments and contrarieties of excellence, none seems to have been more exalted above the common rate of humanity than the man known, about two centuries and a half ago, by the appellation of *The admirable Crichton;* of whose history, whatever may be rejected as surpassing credibility, yet I shall, upon respectable authority, relate enough to rank him in the number of the prodigies of the human race.

"Virtue, says Virgil, is better accepted when it comes in a pleasing form.—The person of Crichton was eminently beautiful: but his beauty was consistent with such activity and strength, that, in fencing he could spring at one bound the length of twenty feet upon his antagonist; and he used the sword in either hand with such force and dexterity, that scarcely any one had courage to engage him.

"Having studied at St. Andrew's in Scotland, he went to Paris in his twenty-first year, and affixed on

the gate of the college of Navarre a kind of challenge to the learned of that university, to dispute with them on a certain day; offering to his opponents, whoever they should be, the choice of ten languages, and of all the faculties and sciences. On the day appointed three thousand auditors assembled: when four doctors of the church, and fifty ministers, appeared against him; and one of his antagonists confesses, 'That the doctors were defeated; that he gave proofs of knowledge seemingly above the reach of man; and that a hundred years passed without food or sleep, it was thought, would not be sufficient for the attainment of his learning.' After a disputation of nine hours, he was presented, by the president and professors, with a diamond and a purse of gold, and dismissed with repeated acclamations.

"From Paris he went to Rome: where he made the same challenge; and had, in the presence of the Pope and the cardinals, the same success. Afterwards he contracted at Venice an acquaintance with Aldus Manutius, by whom he was introduced to the learned of that city. He then visited Padua, where he engaged in another public disputation; beginning his performance with an *extempore* poem in praise of the city and the assembly present, and concluding with an oration, equally unpremeditated, in praise of ignorance.

"He then published another challenge; in which he declared himself ready to detect the errors of Aristotle, and all his commentators, either in the common

forms of logic, or in any way, which his antagonists should propose of a hundred different kinds of verse.

"These acquisitions of learning, however stupendous, were not gained at the expense of any pleasure in which youth generally indulges, or by the omission of any accomplishment in which it becomes a gentleman to excel. He practised in great perfection the arts of drawing and painting. He was an eminent performer in both vocal and instrumental music. He danced with uncommon gracefulness: and, on the day of his disputation at Paris, exhibited his skill in horsemanship, before the court of France; where, at a public match of tilting, he bore away the ring upon his lance fifteen times together.

"He likewise excelled in domestic games of less dignity and reputation: and in the interval between his challenge and disputation at Paris, he spent so much of his time at cards, dice, and tennis, that a lampoon was fixed upon the gate of the Sorbonne, directing those who would see this monster of erudition to look for him at the taverns.

"So extensive was his acquaintance with life and manners, that in an Italian comedy composed by himself, and exhibited before the court of Mantua, he is said to have personated fifteen different characters: in all of which he might succeed without great difficulty; since he had such powers of retention, that by once hearing an oration of an hour's length, he could repeat it exactly, and in the recital follow the speaker through all the variety of tone and gesticulation.

"Nor was his skill in arms less than in learning, or his courage inferior to his skill. There was a prize fighter at Mantua, who, travelling about the world, according to the barbarous custom of that age, as a general challenger, had defeated the most celebrated masters in Europe; and in Mantua, where he then resided, had killed three antagonists. The duke repented that he had granted him his protection; when Crichton, looking on his sanguinary success with indignation, offered to stake fifteen hundred pistoles, and mount the stage against him.

"The duke with some reluctance consented to this proposal; and the day being fixed, the combatants appeared. Their weapon seems to have been the single rapier, which was then newly introduced in Italy. The prize-fighter advanced with great violence and firmness; while the other contented himself by calmly parrying his passes, and suffered him to exhaust his vigor by his own fury. Then Crichton became the assailant; and pressed upon him with such force and agility, that he thrust him thrice through the body, and saw him expire at his feet. He divided the prize which he had won, among the widows whose husbands had been killed by his opponent.

"The death of this wonderful man I should be willing to conceal, did I not know that every reader will inquire curiously after that fatal hour which is common to all human beings, however distinguished from each other by nature or by fortune.

"The duke of Mantua, having received so many proofs of his various merit, made him tutor to his son Don Vincenito de Gonzago, a prince of loose manners and turbulent disposition. On this occasion it was that he composed the comedy in which he exhibited so many different characters with exact propriety. But this honor was of short continuance; for as he was one night, in the time of the carnival, rambling about the streets with his guitar in his hand, he was attacked by six men masked. Neither his courage nor his skill, in this exigence, deserted him: he opposed them with such dexterity and spirit, that he soon dispersed them, and disarmed their leader; who, throwing off his mask, discovered himself to be the prince his pupil. Crichton, falling on his knees, took his own sword by the point, and presented it to the prince: who immediately seized it, and,—instigated, as some say, by jealousy; according to others, only by drunken fury and brutal resentment,—plunged it in his heart.

"Thus was the admirable Crichton brought into that state in which he could excel the meanest of mankind by only a few empty honors paid to his memory. The court of Mantua testified their esteem for him by a public mourning; the cotemporary wits were profuse of their encomiums; and the palaces of Italy were adorned with pictures representing him on horseback, with a lance in one hand and a book in the other."

Such is the account which Dr. Hawkesworth gives of this extraordinary man; who was killed, as above described, in 1558. There are other accounts of him: by Mackenzie, in his history of Scotch writers; and by Bishop Tanner, in his Bibliotheca; who both describe him as a real character of most uncommon abilities. There is a picture of him in the possession of Lord Ellicock, a lord of session in Edinburgh; but the only pieces of his writing remaining, are two copies of verses in the "*Deliciæ Poetarum Scotorum.*"

Otway.

The history of this justly-celebrated but unfortunate man, is too well known to need a general description in this miscellany; but the following curious particulars (supposed to be the *memoranda* of Southern, a contemporary dramatic writer) must not be omitted:—

"Otway, and Elkanah Settle (the antagonist of Dryden, and last of the city-poets,) ran away from Oxford together, with a company of strolling players. Otway went to Christ-church in 1669, and performed a part in the play of *The Jealous Bridegroom* in 1671-2.

"In his person he was of the middle size, about five feet seven inches high, and inclinable to fatness. He had a thoughtful expressive eye, and that was all. He gave himself up very early to drinking: and like the generality of the unhappy wits of that age, passed his days between rioting and fasting, ranting and

jollity, profligacy and penitence; carousing a week with Lord Plymouth, and then starving a month in low company. He lodged at an obscure ale-house on Tower-hill, where he died in great distress.

Mrs. Manly.

This lady, who was celebrated in her time among the novelists and dramatic writers of the profligate age of Charles the Second, was the daughter of Sir Roger Manly; and was born in one of the islands of Hampshire, of which her father was governor, and which once belonged to France.

Swift speaks of her as "a very decent woman, possessed of generous principles for one of her sort, with a great deal of good sense and invention;" and in another place he calls her "one of his best under-spur-leathers to his political pamphlets." And yet he knew little of her private history, or rather affected not to know it, for he otherwise could not have spoken so favorably of her: but she was a violent tory, and assisted him in writing *The Examiners*, and these were sufficient claims to his good opinion.

In his journal to Stella, he again speaks of Mrs. Manly's assistance to him; and of his frequently locking her up in a room, when any body broke in upon him: with a number of other particulars, which would induce much suspicion of something beyond a political nature, did not Swift's decided character relative to the sex fully exculpate him. But the fact

was, that far from Mrs. Manly being even of a decent character, she was well known to be a dissolute woman, who was charged by the duchess of Cleveland (mistress to Charles the Second, and whose patronage she enjoyed for some time) with carrying on an intrigue with her son. Whether this was strictly true or not, cannot now be determined; but that she was a confidential agent in carrying on the duchess of Cleveland's amours, appears by some papers in a chancery suit in which her patrons were concerned.

Her principal work, independent of her plays, was *The New Atalantis*, in four volumes, in which she took liberties not only with her own sex, in her luxurious description of love-adventures, but also with the political characters of many of the distinguished whig personages of those times.

Grown old and poor, she was taken into the house of Alderman Barber (Swift's former printer, and the general printer to the tory party;) who perhaps found in the protection of her the best preservative against the exposure of many political secrets which she probably was in possession of, and which "her poverty and not her will" might otherwise induce her to divulge. She died on the 11th of June, 1724, at Barber's house, aged about sixty-four.

Mrs. Manly was a favorite not only with the beaux of her time, but also with the wits and philosophers, such as Swift, Bolingbroke, Steele, Prior, &c. She dedicated her tragedy of *Lucius, the first Christian King of Britain*, to Sir Richard Steele; who wrote

the prologue for her (though she had abused him, some years before, in her *New Atalantis*), and prior wrote the epilogue.

Her father is supposed to have been the author of *The Turkish Spy*; a work which has undergone many editions, and is much valued for the anecdotes and private history, foreign and domestic, which it contains.

Churchill.

Of this poet,—who has *flourished*, and *almost faded*, in our day,—the following particulars are but very little known, and, I believe, never before published.

Soon after the publication of his *Rosciad* (a poem which, however meritorious in some particulars, contains many illiberal and partial criticisms), he was setting one night at the Rose tavern, in company with the late Mat. Clarke, of Covent-garden theatre; when Churchill, who was intoxicated with the applause given him by his flatterers, was repeating with great energy some parts of this poem. "Ah!" said Clarke, "this may be sport to you, but you should consider it is death to a great many of my brother-performers."—"Pooh! pooh!" cried the other; "they are fair game for a satirist!"—"You may think so," said Clarke; "but if you mentioned me in the manner you have some of them, I would have shown you the difference."—"Why, what would you do?"—"Only knock you down," said Clarke, "the very first place

I saw you in." Here Churchill retired a few paces, and put himfelf into a pugilistic attitude; which Clarke perceiving, he snatched up a case-knife in one hand, and a corner of the cloth which was laid for supper in the other, and then exclaimed, "Come, come; none of your bullying tricks with me: if you have a mind to see what I can do, take that knife and the other end of the cloth, and let us fairly see who is the best man, the player or the libeller." Terrified at this fierce and very unexpected onset, Churchill paused for some time; then taking him by the hand, said, "he was a manly fellow, and the last person in the world to whom he would willingly give offence."

Churchill evidently took Dryden for his model in poetry; and his genius seemed to incline more to the strong and energetic, than to the correct and harmonious style. But his defect was, that he did not sufficiently blend them to give perfection to the former. His usual manner of composing was this, as I have often heard it from his first publisher: After he had finally resolved upon a subject, he rambled about the fields for some hours, till he had accumulated as many ideas relative to the matter as he could: he then retired to his study, threw the whole upon paper, and, after a very few corrections, offered his work to the bookseller. Some of his lighter works were published in this careless manner: but his friend Wilkes soon put a stop to such a proceeding; which he justly observed, would soon ruin him in his reputation, both with his party and with the public at large.

The hasty temper of Churchill did not like to be sent back so often to the *anvil* (as he called it); but Wilkes was peremptory, and the other acquiesced.

His *Prophecy of Famine*, which is undoubtedly one of his most finished productions, Wilkes made him correct three different times; and when he brought it in its last improved state, "Yes," said he, "Charles: now you may depend upon it, it will do; as it is at once personal, poetical, and political."

The following anecdote of Churchill, *told by himself* in a mixed company at the table of Flexney his bookseller, will show at once the very great imprudence and dissipation of his character:—

Having occasion to settle with his publisher, from whom he received above sixty pounds, he staid so late, and got so completely drunk,

"His usual custom in the afternoon,"

that he could not be persuaded to take a coach, or suffer any one to see him home. In this condition he staggered down to Charing-cross; where he fell in company with an unhappy female of the lowest description, and from that moment forgot every other circumstance which ocurred till the next morning,—when he found himself awakened by a very strong and unusual heat playing upon his face and eyes.—Not knowing where he was, he stretched out his hand, to feel whether any chair was near him; but instead of a chair, grasped a root with some fresh

earth loosely attached to it. This alarmed him; suddenly starting up, he found himself in an asparagus-bed at Battersea, with a wretched trull fast asleep beside him.

His first recollection was about his money; when he exclaimed to her with an oath, "You have picked my pockets, and I suppose brought me here to murder me!" The woman, awaking at this instant, denied the charge; and requested he would count his money, and he would find it all right. Upon examination it proved so: his companion then recounted the adventures of the preceding night, which were as follow:—"that after he had picked her up at Charing-cross, she had knocked at several doors in order to get a bed; but the people, seeing him so drunk and herself so miserable in her appearance, refused them admittance. She then, as her last resource (it being a fine harvest moon), took him to Batterseafields; where she often, from her necessities, had been obliged to make use of the same lodging."—"I was so struck with the fidelity and disinterestedness of this woman's conduct," added Churchill, "that I immediately gave her three guineas, took down her name, and directed her to call on me in a week's time, when I got her admitted into the Magdalen."

When Lloyd was confined in the Fleet, Churchill commissioned his publisher (Kearsley) to allow him a guinea a week; which was punctually paid till the

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While Foote was confined in the Fleet, Churchill solicited his publisher (Kearsley) to allow him a weekly sum, which was punctually paid till the

death of Churchill, when Kearsley suffered in common with his other creditors.

The death of this very eccentric man was as unaccountable as his life. He set out, in 1763, on a visit to his friend Wilkes, who was then in Paris; but stopping at Boulogne, he contracted a miliary fever, which every day growing worse and worse, his friends persuaded him to make a will. This, with great formality, he set up in his bed to do: and bequeathed annuities to the amount of a hundred and ten pounds; though at the same time, if he gave himself the trouble to consider, he would have known that he had not a single guinea (independent of the future sale of his works) that he could call his own.

In this state he had a wish to return to England, which his friends imprudently indulged; but the removal from a warm bed to the inclemencies of a sea voyage, terminated his life a few hours after he had landed at Dover.

Among his manuscripts was found the commencement of a violent satire against three of his most intimate friends, Lloyd, Thornton, and Colman. Wilkes, who had the inspection of his papers (and who told this circumstance to a literary friend of mine), very properly burnt them. This fragment consisted of about a hundred lines.

His few books, furniture, &c. sold most extravagantly dear. Party, and the popularity of his name as a writer, had stamped a kind of visionary value upon them; which my readers will best judge of, when

they are informed that a common steel pen sold for *five pounds*, and a pair of plated spurs for *sixteen guineas* * !

Having finished these incidental remarks on the fates of literary characters, let us now return to join in the laugh with Foote and his merry associates.

CXVI. *Literary Confidence.*

Foote rattling away, in his usual manner, at Mr. Fitzherbert's table,—a gentleman who either had a mind to set up for a second-hand wit, or wanted to cheapen the talent, requested "that he would give him his last good thing."—"Why, so I would," said the other, "if I could trust you."—"What! do you doubt my integrity?"—"Not at all, my dear Sir; but I do your *steadiness;* for, believe me, there are very few people that *can carry a bon-mot safely*."

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* The following advice which Madame Terein, a woman of great literary discernment, gave to Marmontel, when a young man, with respect to *authorship*, should be a perpetual lesson to all writers by profession. "Secure yourself," said she, "a livelihood independent of literary successes; and put into *this lottery* only the overplus of your time: for woe to him who depends wholly on his pen! Nothing is more casual. The man who makes shoes, is sure of his wages; but the man who writes a book, or a tragedy, is never sure of any thing."

Life of Marmontel.

CXVII. *The late Duke of Cumberland.*

Foote made a somewhat similar reply to the late Duke of Cumberland; who told him, by way of compliment, "that he himself swallowed all his good things."—"Do you so?" said the wit: "then let me compliment your Royal Highness, in turn, on the excellency of your *digestion;* as I never knew you *throw up one of them.*"

CXVIII. *Travelling in Scotland.*

Foote was four days in the interior parts of Scotland without being able to get any meat. He was, however, told, that if he would push on for a day's journey further, he would be sure of one of the best inns in Scotland; but when he arrived there, the landlord, like *Boniface*, in the *Beaux Stratagem*, "had every thing he called for, *the week before.*" At last he said he could get him a boiled fowl.—"Excellent!" said Foote; "this, with a little celery sauce, will do nicely." A long period elapsed without this fowl making its appearance; when Foote's patience being almost exhausted, he opened a window which looked into the yard, and there saw a woman knocking down an old game-cock with a pot-ladle; "which cock," said he, telling the story, "*gauntlets* and all, I was obliged to eat for my supper."—"And could you eat it?" asked

one of his hearers,—"Why, what else could I do, on the *spur* of such an occasion?"

CXIX. *Modern Commiseration.*

Hearing that a friend of his, of no great legal abilities, nor any settled fortune, had been promoted to the office of attorney-general in one of the West-India islands, he exclaimed, "Alas, poor Jack! Hitherto he had the art of concealing his *wants*; but now he'll be completely exposed, as *necessity* has no *law*."

CXX. *The Black Bob.*

Expecting a gentleman to dine with him at North-end, who was remarkable for wearing a black scratch-wig, and who did not come in time, Foote was every now and then on the look-out for him. At last perceiving him riding up the avenue, "Aye, here he comes at last," said he,—"But are you sure it is he?" asked one of the company, impatient for dinner.—"Why, at this distance I would not take my oath of it; but it is either he or Charles the Second, for there is the *black wig* evidently bobbing up and down *among the oaks*."

CXXI. *Fair Helen.*

The same gentleman having introduced to him his wife (who was very plain), and seeing Foote rather

struck with her homely appearance, observed, "that though *his* Helen could not boast much beauty, she was a very excellent domestic woman for all that."—"I have no doubt of it, my good friend," said Foote; "I was only thinking what a thousand pities it is that the Grecian Helen was *not more like her*; for if she was, Troy most certainly would never have been burnt."

CXXII. *Archibald Hamilton.*

Somebody praising Mr. Hamilton as a well-read man, Foote said he did not see much of that about him. "I grant you, he *reads* a great many *proofs*; but these are no *proofs* of *his reading**."

CXXIII. *Cure for Pomposity of Speech.*

A country squire just come to town, was bragging of the great number of fashionable people he had visited that morning; "and among the rest," said he, in a pompous deliberate manner, "I called upon my good friend the earl of *Chol—mon—dely*, but he was not at home."—"That is rather surprising," said Foote: "what! nor none of his *pe—c—ple*?"

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* There was, however, more quibble than truth in this assertion, as Mr. Hamilton was a very judicious and well-informed man.

CXXIV. *Crabbe Boulton.*

Being on a visit at Crabbe Boulton's (chairman of the East-India company) during a frosty season, where they kept very bad fires, Foote found himself so uncomfortable, that he prepared next morning for setting off to town. "Eh!" said his host, seeing the chaise at the door, "why think of going so soon?"—"Because, if I stay any longer, perhaps I should *not have a leg to stand upon.*"—"Why, we don't drink so hard."—"No; but it freezes so hard, and your servants know the value of a *good bit of timber* so well, that I'm in hourly dread of losing my wooden leg."

CXXV. *The Danger of leaving off a Wig.*

Meeting a well-known bookseller in the street, who for his various publications had often been prosecuted by the crown, he perceived some alteration in his dress, which he could not account for. "Oh!" said the other, "it is because I have thrown off my wig, and wear my own hair."—"And how could you be such a fool?" said Foote.—"Why, do you think I'm ashamed *to show my ears?*"—"No; but you should have been provident enough to *keep your wig, to conceal the loss of them.*"

CXXVI. *Dr. Johnson.*

Dr. Johnson being asked by a lady, what love was? replied, "it was the wisdom of a fool, and the folly of the wise." Dryden, being once asked the same question, said, "It was a thing he had often seen, felt, and heard of, but never could understand."

CXXVII. *The same.*

Foote laughing at Dr. Johnson's absurdities before an intimate friend of the doctor, the latter told him, "Johnson was even with him, for he said as severe things of him."—"What could he say of me?" cried Foote.—"Why, talking of your religion one day, somebody said you were an infidel, when Johnson replied; 'No, Sir; not otherwise than as a dog is an infidel, who does not know whether he believes or not." Foote reddened at this excessively, and very seriously entered into the proofs of his moral and religious education.

CXXVIII. *Family Vanity.*

Foote was taken off his guard at another time in a singular manner. Soon after the publication of his comedy of *The Author*, his friends were laughing at the absurdity of persons piquing themselves on the antiquity of their family; when one who knew Foote's

failing on this account, observed, that, "however people might laugh at family, he believed there never was a man well descended, who was not proud of it." Foote, catching the bait, instantly replied, "No doubt, no doubt: for instance now, though I trust I may be considered far from a vain man, yet, being descended from as ancient a family as any in Cornwall, I am not a little proud of it; as indeed you shall see I may be."

Here the servant was ordered to bring down the family pedigree; which he began elucidating with all the vanity and folly he so successfully ridiculed in his own *Cadwallader*.

CXXIX. *Dr. Johnson and Foote.*

Johnson and Foote, though both men of wit and strong sense, showed these qualities in different ways. The first was grave and sarcastical; the other was the meteor of the moment, who possessed every species of wit and humor, and could command them at will. Johnson never condescended to be the buffoon, and was not always ready at retort*. Foote never failed; and rather than be *out of laugh*, could

* This defect Johnson once confessed to Mr. Boswell, upon the latter asking him why he was so severe upon him without cause. "No, Sir," said Johnson, "you made me angry before, about the American war."—"And why did you not take your revenge directly?"—"Because, Sir, I *had nothing ready;* a man cannot strike his antagonist till he has his weapons."

put on the motley coat with pleasure, and strut in it with as much pride as in his most refined sallies of conversation. This contrariety of talents and inclinations kept those two geniuses from a personal acquaintance for a long time, though they perfectly understood each other's character, and associated occasionally with the common friends of both.

Accident, however, drew them together at the table of Mr. Fitzherbert (the father of the present Lord St. Helen's); and Johnson has told the particulars of this interview himself, as follows:

"The first time I ever was in company with Foote, was at Mr. Fitzherbert's. Having no good opinion of the fellow, I was resolved not to be pleased; and it is very difficult to please a man against his will. I went on eating my dinner pretty sullenly, affecting for a long time not to mind him; but the dog was so very comical, that I was obliged to lay down my knife and fork, throw myself back on my chair, and fairly laugh it out with the rest. No, Sir; there was no avoiding it: the fellow was irresistible."

CXXX. *Foote turned Brewer.*

A still more natural proof of the superior powers of his conversation happened on another day at the same table. Foote, among the revolutions of his various fortune, contracted himself as a *partial* partner in a small-beer brewery; that is, he was to have a certain profit of the trade, in the proportion of the small beer

which he sold upon his own account: and as his friends and acquaintances were numerous and respectable, the *firm* augured favorably to both parties.

However, whether the leading partner considered Foote's particular recommendations as a passport for any kind of beer, or whether he was in the general habit of using the pump too liberally, the small beer served at Mr. Fitzherbert's table was such, that the servants could not drink it; but as the *gentleman brewer* was so very intimate with the master, they, to avoid complaining themselves, commissioned Sancho, a black boy who was a great favorite about the house, to lay their general resolution before him, "that they could no longer drink the small beer."

On the day appointed for this *eclaircissement*, Foote happened to dine at Mr. Fitzherbert's; but Sancho, who waited at table, instead of being an informer against him, was so delighted with his stories and flashes of merriment, that he told his fellow-servants, on going down into the kitchen, "that he would drink the small beer on, if it was ten times worse, rather than do the least injury to so comical a gentleman."

CXXXI. *Dr. Johnson's Character of Foote.*

With all Dr. Johnson's prejudices against Foote, he gave him the decided preference in *humorous narrative*. "His happiness of manner in relation is such," said he, "as subdues arrogance, and rouses stupidity."

CXXXII. *The same.*

Of his dramatic character, the doctor gave the following opinion:—"He is not a good mimic; but he has a wit, a fertility and variety of images, and is not deficient in reading. He has knowledge enough to fill up his part; then he has great range for his wit; he never lets truth stand between him and a jest, and he is sometimes mighty coarse."

Being asked whether Foote had a singular talent of exhibiting character, he replied, "No, Sir: it is not a talent; it is a vice. It is what others abstain from. It is not comedy, which exhibits the character of a species, as that of a miser gathered from many misers; it is farce, which exhibits an individual."

CXXXIII. *The same.*

At another time, speaking of his dramatic character, he observed: "I don't think Foote a good mimic. His imitations are not like. He gives you something different from himself, without *going into other people.* He cannot take off any person except he is strongly marked, such as George Faulkner. He is like a painter who can draw the portrait of a man who has a wen upon his face, and who therefore is easily known. If a man hops on one leg, Foote can hop upon one leg; *but he has not a nice discrimination of character.*

He is, however, upon the whole, very entertaining; with a particular species of conversation between wit and buffoonery."

Concluding on this subject, he would say, "I am afraid Foote has no principle. He is at times neither governed by good manners nor discretion, and very little by affection. But for a broad laugh," (and here the Doctor would himself smile in recollection of it,) "I must confess, the scoundrel has no fellow."

CXXXIV. *The same.*

When Johnson heard of the report of Foote's being horse-whipped in Dublin for taking off George Faulkner, the printer, Garrick observed, "that he was much surprised at it, as he thought Foote was so well known that *nobody minded him.*"—"Yes, Sir," said Johnson; "but now you find the fellow has found out the art of *rising* in the world."

CXXXV. *The same.*

Yet with all this equivocal praise, and all these sarcasms levelled against Foote, when Johnson first heard of his death, he exclaimed, "Alas, poor Sam! In him we have lost a man who has left a chasm in society that will not readily be filled up."

CXXXVI. *Foote and Garrick.*

The acquaintance of these extraordinary men commenced very early in life; and though the former was continually *sparring* at the latter, they lived much together both in the habits of business, visitings, conversation parties, &c.

Garrick dining one day at Foote's table when the former kept his servants at board wages, at a certain hour of the night "Mr. Garrick's servants" were rather pompously announced. "Oh! let them wait," said Foote: "but, James," turning round to his footman, and in a voice loud enough to be heard by the whole company, "be sure you lock up the pantry."

CXXXVII. *The same.*

He took every occasion to have a stroke at Garrick's parsimony. After rehearsals, when Foote used to be the delight of the green-room for the sallies of his wit and humor, he would frequently say, "Bless me! here we have been laughing away our time, and 'tis now past four o'clock, without ever thinking of dinner. Garrick, have you enough for a *third*, without infringing on your servants' generosity —as I know they are all upon board wages?"

Garrick, rather embarrassed, would sometimes say: "Why, hey now, Sam; if, if you are really serious, and not engaged, and would finish our laugh in South-

ampton-street, I dare say Mrs. Garrick would find a chair for you."

"Oh! don't let me break in upon her generosity. If the kitchen fire should *be* out, or this is cold-meat day, or one of her fast days, I can pop into a coffee-house; though, I must confess, the want of Mrs. Garrick's company must make every place a desert." Garrick generally forced a laugh upon these occasions, but was always glad to conclude a truce at the expense of a dinner.

CXXXVIII. *The same.*

At another time he said Garrick loved money so well, that should he ever retire from his profession, he would commence banker's clerk, for the mere pleasure of counting over the cash: and as for the stage, he was so fond of it, that rather than not play at all, he would act before the kitchen-fire at the Shakspeare for a sop in the pan.

CXXXIX. *The same.*

Foote and Garrick supping together at the Bedford, the former, in pulling out his purse to pay the reckoning, dropt a guinea, which rolled in such a direction that they could not readily find it. "Where the deuce," says Foote, "can it be gone to?"—"*Gone to the devil*, I suppose," said Garrick.—"Well said, David: you

are always what I took you for; ever contriving to make *a guinea go further* than any other man."

CXL. *The same.*

Foote showing a house which he had newly fitted up, to some friends, in passing through his bed-chamber, one of the company observed a small Roman bust of Garrick on the bureau, at which he smiled: "I don't wonder that you should laugh at me for allowing him to be so near my gold, but then please to observe *he has no hands.*"

CXLI. *The same.*

Previously to Foote's bringing out his *primitive puppet-show* in the Haymarket Theatre, he enjoined all his performers, carpenters, scene-shifters, &c. to keep it a profound secret; only to insinuate that something was in preparation that would much surprise the town from its novelty. Garrick, among others, heard of this; and as he was always "tremblingly alive" to every thing that might operate against his fame and profit, he took several circuitous ways to find out the nature of the design, but in vain.—Foote kept him on the tortures of expectation for some time; till, being very nearly ready for exhibition, he determined to have the laugh against him once for all. He accordingly told him, "if he would

dine with him on such a day, he should be let into the secret."

Garrick readily obeyed the summons, and a convivial party was likewise summoned by Foote to share in the merriment of the plot. After dinner Foote said very gravely, "that the secret he had hitherto kept so very profound was, a performer he had to introduce of such rare and singular talents, that except *himself*," bowing to Garrick, "he did not believe there was a man of near such merit on any theatre in Europe."—"Eh! eh!" said Garrick, much confused, "where does he come from? what is his name?"—"*Birch*," said the other; "a very near relation of your old friend Dr. Birch. He's now in the next room: will you have a specimen of his abilities?"—"Why, hey, now, if I did not think it would dash the young man's spirits, I, I should like it above all things."—"Oh! if that be all:—here, John, introduce the young gentleman, I'll be answerable for his spirits; as you'll find him bred in the true school of Socrates, and that he has learned to consider his audience as so many cabbage-stalks."

At this moment, John, who previously had his *cue*, introduced a large figure of Punch in his arms.—"Eh!" said Garrick, "what now, I understand: oh! a puppet-show! Well, but what is your hero to do? is he to be a mere comical fellow, or a mimic, or what?—"Why, what the deuce, David, surely you are not already jealous of poor Punch? Come,

John, part the *rivals*, or we shall soon have some noble blood spilt on the occasion."

Here the laugh was unanimously against Garrick; who was, however, very glad to be eased of his fears at the expense of a little ridicule.

CXLII. *Garrick. (An original Anecdote.)*

When Garrick first undertook to play *Bayes* in *The Rehearsal*, he had some doubts of the propriety of taking-off his brother performers; and therefore made a proposal to Giffard, the manager of the theatre in Goodman's-fields, to permit him to begin with him as a kind of an apology for the rest. Giffard, supposing that Garrick would only just glance at him to countenance the mimickry of the others, consented: but Garrick hit him off so truly, and made him so completely ridiculous, at rehearsal, that Giffard in a rage, sent him a challenge; which Garrick accepting, they met the next morning, when the latter was wounded in the sword arm.

The comedy of *The Rehearsal* had been during this time advertised for the Saturday night ensuing; but the duel intervening (which none but the parties and their seconds knew of at that time, and very few ever since,) the play was put off for a fortnight longer, *on account of the sudden indisposition of a principal performer*. At the end of that time it came out, with imitations of most of the principal actors; but Giffard was totally omitted.

CXLIII. *Garrick.*

Foote, returning one night from the House of Commons to the Bedford, after hearing the late Lord Chatham, then Mr. Pitt, deliver one of his fulminating speeches against the ministry, met Garrick there; and upon asking him where he had been, said "he had just come from hearing a man give such a specimen of dramatic abilities, as in his opinion were much superior to any thing on the stage." Observing the very forcible manner in which Foote said this, Garrick began to be alarmed; and hesitatingly said, "Why, hey! now then, I suppose, we shall soon have him for or against old Drury."—"I don't exactly know that, but this you may depend upon; should that day ever arrive, King David will be but a *viceroy at best!*" At this Garrick colored, and showed for some time great uneasiness; when Foote at last quieted him by asking him what he thought of Mr. Pitt.—"Think of him!" says Garrick, in a mixtre of agreeable surprise, and veneration for so exalted a character; "why that if he had originally preferred Drury-lane to St. Stephen's, he would have almost annihilated the stage, by throwing us all at an immeasurable distance!"

CXLIV. *Comparison between Foote and Garrick.*

[By Dr. Johnson.]

"Garrick has greatly the preference for elegance of conversation; but Foote has greater powers of entertainment. Garrick is restrained by principle, but Foote has the advantage of unlimited range. Garrick has some delicacy of feeling:—it is possible to put him out;—you may get the better of him: but Foote is the most *incompressible* fellow I ever knew; when you have driven him into a corner, and think you are sure of him, he runs through between your legs, jumps over your head, and so makes his escape."

CXLV. *Character of Garrick.*

[By the same.]

"Garrick was on the whole a good man, a decent liver in a profession which is supposed to give indulgences to licentiousness, and a man who freely gave away money *acquired by himself.* He began the world with great hunger for money; the son of a half-pay officer, whose study was to make *fourpence* go for *fourpence halfpenny:* but when he got money, and became independent, he was liberal."

CXLVI. *Comparison between Burke and Foote.*

[By the same.]

"Burke has that constant stream of conversation, that if a man was by chance to go with him under a shed, or into a stable, to shun a shower, he would say, 'This is an extraordinary man.' Foote was a man who never failed in conversation; but if he had gone into a stable, the ostler would have said, 'Here has been a mighty comical fellow;' but he would not have respected him."

Question by one of the company. "Why, then, Sir, the ostler perhaps would have given him *as good as he brought*, as the common saying is."—"Yes, Sir; and Foote would have been able to answer the ostler exactly in his own way.—When Burke does not descend to be merry, his conversation is very superior indeed. There is no proportion between the powers which he shows in *serious talk* and in *jocularity*: when he lets himself down to that, he is in the kennel."

CXLVII. *Of Burke's Wit.*

[By the same.]

"I do not think Burke has wit. He is indeed continually attempting it, but he fails; and I have no more

pleasure in hearing a man attempting wit and failing, than in seeing a man trying to leap over a ditch, and tumbling into it."

CXLVIII. *On Burke's Oratory.*

[By Wilkes.]

"Amidst all the brilliancy of Burke's imagination, and the exuberance of his wit, there is occasionally a strange want of taste. It was observed of the Venus of Apelles, that her flesh seemed as if it had been nourished by roses; but Burke's oratory would sometimes make us suspect that he eats potatoes and drinks whiskey."

CXLIX. *An Apology for Burke's Redundancy of Imagination.*

While this subject was afloat at Foote's table one day, Topham Beauclerc (who, though a very ingenious man, was no way remarkable for being an *apologist*) observed that "the best excuse for Burke's redundancy of imagination was what the Marquis of Halifax said of Bishop Burnet: our nature hardly allows us to have enough of any thing, without our having too much. He cannot, at all times, so hold in his thoughts, but that sometimes they run away with him; *as it is hard for a vessel that is brimful, when in motion, not to run over:* and therefore the

variety of matter that he ever carries about him, may throw out more than an unkind critic would allow."

CL. *Burke.*

Though Dr. Johnson admitted that Burke "possessed a great variety of knowledge, a store of imagery, and a power of diversifying his matter by placing it in various relations," he would not allow him either *wit* or *humor;* and when Dr. Robertson asked him whether Burke did not possess a degree of wit with his other great talents, he replied: "No, Sir: he never succeeds there: 'tis low; 'tis conceit, I used to say, Burke never made a good joke; and what I most envy him is, his being constantly the same."

With great deference to the above authority, several of Burke's speeches, and many parts of his conversation, refuted this dogmatical assertion. It is true, he had not the exuberance of Foote, George Selwyn, the late Earl of Chesterfield, and some others; yet he was far from being deficient in point and jocularity when he thought proper, as the following out of many other instances may prove:

When Gerard Hamilton (commonly known by the name of *Single-speech* Hamilton,) who first patronized Mr. Burke by procuring him a pension on the Irish establishment, had quarrelled with him, Hamilton in a moment of ill temper said, "he was an ungrateful man; as 'twas *he* that first took him from a garret,

and introduced him into life."—"Oh! then it appears by his own confession," said Burke, "that *I* first *descended* to know him."

On Wilkes being carried on the shoulders of the mob, he exclaimed, in the character which Horace has given of Pindar as a poet:

——— "*Numerisque fertur*
Lege solutus."

Horace too, he said, had in one line given the best description of a good desirable *manor*:

"Est *modus* in rebus; sunt certi denique *fines.*"

When Boswell told him that he had a mind to visit the Isle of Man, in order to write an account of it, Burke approved of his resolution, and said he would give him a motto for his work:

"The proper study of mankind, is *Man.*"

Dining at an eminent personage's table where the bottle circulated very fast, he was asked next morning how he liked his host. "Oh!" said he, "so well, that all *whig* as I am, I will allow him to be a prince *jure de-vino.*"

CLI. *The Danger of Female Beauty.*

A white horse and a beautiful woman, Foote said, were two troublesome things to manage: as the first was difficult to be kept *clean*; and the second, *honest*.

CLII. *Mrs. Cibber.*

Mrs. Cibber having some little fracas with Garrick *about increase of salary*, in which, after some struggles, she succeeded, was soon afterwards singing with great applause the following line in a favorite song of that day.

"The roses will bloom when there's peace in the breast."

"Very true," said Foote; singing out to the same tune, by the side scene:

"So the turtles will coo, *when they've peas in their craws.*

CLIII. *James Forfeit.*

An artist of the name of *Forfeit* having some job to do for Foote, and keeping it long after the time when he promised to bring it home, was making his apology by saying "he had got into a foolish scrape about *antiquity of family* with another artist, who gave him such a drubbing as confined him to his bed for a considerable time. "Forfeit! Forfeit!" said the wit, catching the idea; "why, surely you should have the best of that argument; as I can prove your family to be not only several *thousand years old*, but

at the same time the *most numerous* of any on the face of the globe."—"Aye!" said the man, quite transported with joy; "pray on what authority?"—"On the authority of shakspeare:

"All the souls that are, *were forfeit once.*"

CLIV. *Addison (the Butcher)*

Old Usher, one of the veterans of the Haymarket Theatre, praising very much a loin of veal that was on Foote's table, asked him who was his butcher. "I think his name's Addison," said Foote.—"Addison!" cried Usher; "I wonder, is he any relation to the great Addison?"—"why, that I don't exactly know; and yet I think he must, as he is seldom without his *steel*" *(Steele)* "by his side."

CLV. *The Danger of an old Man's Marrying.*

Talking of the folly of an old man marrying a young woman, a lady observed, "that perhaps he was *in love;* and then he was rather to be pitied than reproved."—"Very true, Madam," said Foote: "for love is like the small pox; the later in life we catch it, the worse the disorder generally turns out."

CLVI. *Serjeant S—re.*

This gentleman was said to have been originally bred an apothecary and *accoucheur*. In the course

of human events, however, and by the aid of studies and persevering talents, he became a learned serjeant at law; though in this situation he was always considered more of a *prosing* than an eloquent speaker. When the late Mr. Murphy was a young barrister on the home circuit, he had the curiosity to take down a speech of the serjeant's, which consisted of little else than constant repetitions of "*Gemmen* of the Jury," &c. This speech he afterwards showed to the Lord Chief Baron Skinner; who, instead of laughing at it with the rest of the company, very gravely remarked, "that he thought the serjeant very ill treated; for though it was true he often *delivered other people*, it was never understood he *he could deliver himself*."

CLVII. *Garrick.*

Garrick repeating the following passage to his supposed mistress in a new play:—

——— "Alas!
I fear I seem *too little* in your eyes,"

a man in the upper gallery cried out, why to be sure you do: it would be very odd if you did not." On this the house was in a roar; when Garrick took the hint, and never repeated the line afterwards.

CLVIII. *Kitty Clive.*

She possessed a strong masculine understanding, with a very lively conversation to the last. After her retirement from the stage, she was prevailed upon to see Tom King in the character of *Belcour* in *The West Indian*. She had a long and early friendship for this very deserving actor, and allowed him all his merit in most of the characters for which he was distinguished, but could never subscribe to his *easy well-bred gentleman*. Upon coming home, she was asked how she liked him "Oh! just as I thought," said she; "ever gay, brisk, and lively but still those *curling irons* were, as usual, constantly peeping out of his pocket."

CLIX. *The same.*

She was always averse to cultivating much acquaintance with what is called the great world, though at times strongly solicited. One day a female friend was pressing her on this subject, and asking her why she did not visit the Countess of ——, Lord and Lady ——, &c. some of whom were not the most *immaculate* characters in private life.—"Why because my dear," said she, "I choose my company as I do my fruit, therefore I am not for *damaged quality*."

CLX. *The same.*

When first she saw Mrs. Siddons in *Isabella*, she was asked, "Well, Kitty, what do you think of *Pritchards* and *Cibbers* now?"—"Oh!" said she, "'tis all truth and day-light."

CLXI. *The same.*

Her *Portia* in *The Merchant of Venice* was always one of her favorite characters; though it was far from being one of her best, and became still worse as she grew corpulent. Garrick saw this, and hinted to her to give it up. "I will," said she, "when you give up *Ranger;* for I'm sure I am as good a figure for *Portia* as you are for the other." Seeing this would not do, Garrick acknowledged her remark in a very neat epigram, the concluding verse of which runs thus:—

"Dear Kate, it is vanity both us bewitches,
Since I must the truth on't reveal;
For when I mount the ladder, and you wear the breeches,
We show what we ought to conceal.

But neither of them took advice from this epigram: Kitty was the *Portia* of Drurylane, and Garrick the *Ranger*, to the period of their respective retirements.

CLXII. *The same.*

Having a good opinion of the abilities of a young gentleman who was strongly recommended to her, she introduced him to Garrick; who, at her request put him in the part of *Richard* for his first appearance. Getting no applause, however, during the performance of this character, Garrick rather tauntingly said: "Well, Kitty; you see what kind of reception your stage-struck hero receives from the audience."—"There may be a reason for that," said she.—"Why, what reason?"—"*They are not used of late to be spoken to but by the recorder.*"*

CLXIII. *Serjeant Whitaker.*

This gentleman, who was a wit and a humorist in his day, as well as a very respectable lawyer, and who often joined the social band of our modern Aristophanes, was travelling down to Oxford in company with Mr. Murphy, when their chaise was stopped in the lane of a country village, by a waggon delivering fat and offal to a tallow chandler. While they fretted at this delay, a horseman came up to the side of the chaise, who appeared to be a country-rider, and one of the *thinnest* men possible; and began teasing them with an account of the number of miles he had rode that day, and the still greater number he had to go before night. Whitaker heard him with a subdued tem-

* The excuse that *Buckingham* makes in *Richard III.* for the City Common-hall, on their not listening to his speech in favor of the *Duke of Gloucester*.

per for some time; at last breaking out, he exclaimed "And what mighty matter is all this, Sir? considering that you have just sent your *guts before you*, and have now nothing to carry about you but *the case*."

CLXIV. *The same.*

Being an examining counsel at the bar of the House of Lords, he put a question to a witness which the house ordered the counsel to withdraw upon; and they entered into a debate of near two hours, still resolving upon nothing. On his re-admittance he was desired to put the same question over again. Whitaker, who felt this trifling, very gravely replied, "Upon my word, my Lords, it is so *long* since I put the first question, that I entirely forgot it; but with your permission I'll put another."

CLXV. *The same.*

Lady A—r and another lady praising serjeant Walker's dancing a minuet at some country assembly (who was rather an awkward man at the graces), Whitaker was astonished at it and for some time endeavored to persuade them that they must mean somebody else. The ladies, however, still persisting, he very gravely begged permission to put one question to them: "Pray, ladies, was it upon his *hind* or *fore-legs* that serjeant Walker *moved so gracefully?*"

CLXVI. *The same.*

Being on the circuit, he was complimented by a friend of his, during his stay in some town, with a bed. The next morning, as usual, the lady of the house, in doing the honors, asked him how he slept, and "hoped he found himself sufficiently comfortable and warm."—"Yes, yes, Madam; pretty well, upon the whole. At first, to be sure, I felt a little queer for the want of Mrs. Whitaker; but recollecting that my portmanteau lay in the room, I threw it behind my back, and it did every bit as well."

CLXVII. *Edward Foote.*

Foote had a brother (as mentioned in the early part of these Memoirs,) named Edward, a *hum-drum* kind of quiet man; who being mostly unbeneficed in his profession, Foote allowed him sixty pounds a year, and, as he himself called it, "the run of his house and theatre." This man, having nothing to do, was constantly gossiping in the green-room; where being observed by the late Duke of Cumberland, his highness inquired who he was.—"What, that little man in the shabby black coat just gone out?" said Foote: "oh! that's *my barber*."

This passed off for the time: till by accident the Duke found out that instead of his barber he was his brother; and challenged him about it the first time he

saw him. "Why, what could I do with the fellow?" said Foote: "I could not say he was a *brother-wit*; and as I could not disclaim *all* relationship with him, I was obliged to make him out a *brother-shaver*."

CLXVIII. *The same.*

At other times Ned (as our hero familiarly called him) would fall asleep in the green room; and as he had a remarkable *large tongue*, it frequently lolled out of his mouth, to the no small entertainment of the performers. One morning at rehearsal, however, this circumstance offered such a temptation to one of the players, that he gave him a *chuck* under the chin, which cut his mouth, and sent him crying to his brother.—"And why do you abuse the performers so much as you do?" asked the latter.—"What, I abuse them?" said the poor parson: "I never said a disrespectful word of them in my life."—"Poh! poh!" said the other; "that must be a fib by your own confession; as 'tis plain you have not been *able to keep a good tongue in your head.*"

CLXIX. *Arbitration.*

An attorney of a very bad character having a dispute with a bailiff, the latter brought an action against him, which Foote recommended to be compromised. The parties at length agreed; but requested that in case of a difference in arbitration, they would permit

them to call upon him to decide,—"Oh! no," said Foote; "I may be partial to one or other of you: but I'll do better;—I'll recommend a *thief*, as the *common friend of both*."

CLXX. *Foote and Macklin.*

When Macklin gave lectures on oratory (at what he called *Black's* coffee-house, in contradistinction to *White's*,) Foote, who was then a young dashing man of the town, attended them constantly, and was as much the object of attention to the company as the orator. One night, when Macklin was formally preparing to begin, hearing Foote rattling away at the lower end of the room, and thinking to silence him at once, he called out in his sarcastic manner: "Pray, young gentleman do you know what I am going to say?"—"No, Sir," said Foote, quickly; "*do you?*"

CLXXI. *The same.*

Foote, who was ever in the extremes of fortune, now at the top and now at the bottom of her wheel, happened some time after this, to be in the *latter condition*, when Macklin had an opportunity of retorting on him. They were both at the Bedford coffee-house together; when Foote, perhaps to keep up the appearance of prosperity, was every now and then showing off a fine gold repeating watch, which he kept either dangling in his hand, or up to his ear.—

At last he suddenly exclaimed, "Zounds! my watch is *stopt!*"—"Poh! poh!" said Macklin, "never mind that, Sam; you may depend *upon it, it will soon go.*"

CLXXII. *Murphy, Foote, and Garrick,*

Murphy was the first author who brought out Mrs. Yates's abilities; by introducing her in the character of *Mandane*, in his *Orphan of China*. Mrs. Cibber was originally *cast* for this part; but thinking there might be a contrivance between her and Garrick, that she should be sick on the occasion, he engaged Mrs. Yates, then an actress of not above three pounds a week, to under-study the part. His suspicions were soon after justified: Mrs. Cibber was announced to be suddenly taken ill, and Garrick said "the play must go over to the next season."—"No," said Murphy; "I am prepared:" and immediately produced Mrs. Yates; who played the part admirably, very much to Garrick's surprise, and equally to the anticipation of her subsequent renown.

During the above business, Foote and Murphy being at dinner at the Bedford, a note came from Mrs. Cibber, pleading sudden illness, apologizing for the unluckiness of the circumstance, and concluding with "praying most earnestly for the success of the piece." When Murphy read this note, he handed it over to Foote; who after perusing it, very deliberately asked what religion Mrs. Cibber was of?"—"A *Roman Catholic*,

I believe," said Murphy.—"I thought so," said the other, "*by her praying so earnestly for the dead.*"

CLXXIII. *The same.*

When Murphy had finished his *Upholsterer*, the first dramatic piece he ever wrote, he sent it to Garrick for representation; who, after some time, returned it, as "rather premature for the stage."—The author complained of this to Mr. Fox (afterwards Lord Holland, and who was then high in office), who had previously read it, and liked it much.—"Well," said that gentleman, "Garrick dines here on Sunday next with some others; and if you'll call on me on Monday morning, I may be able to tell you some particulars that may clear away his objections."

Murphy accordingly called at the time appointed; when Mr. Fox told him, "that soon after he contrived it with one of his friends to quote, every now and then, some passages in *The Upholsterer* 'Hey dey!' said Garrick; 'here you have been poaching, I find, in some of the grounds that I know a little of.'—'Yes,' said Mr. Fox, 'and what the town will soon know a great deal of if I am not much mistaken, and to the author's advantage.—Come, here's his health, and success to his piece.' At this," continued Mr. Fox, "our conversation ended; but I dare say you'll soon hear from him again."

The same evening Murphy received a very polite note from Garrick, "requesting to have the farce back

again: as he had overlooked the scenes in the pressure of varied business, he now believed they had a great deal more merit than he had been then aware of; and the only apology he could make was, to get the farce up directly, and give it all the strength of his company."

This proposal was joyfully accepted. The farce was soon after brought out in great force; *Razor* by Woodward, who made a *chef-d'œuvre* of it; and *Pamphlet* by Garrick, who played it in his usual style of excellence.

CLXXIV. *The same.*

Murphy at first wished to dedicate his *Orphan of China* to Mr. Fox. "No," said that gentleman; "you'll only make yourself enemies, and do me no good. Dedicate it to the Prince of Wales" (his present Majesty), "and I'll put you in the way of it." The next time Mr. Fox saw Murphy, he bid him attend Lord Bute the Sunday following at Kensington: "you will then be told 'a single play cannot so well be dedicated to the Prince; and in that case seize the opportunity, and beg leave to dedicate it to his Lordship."

The poet did as he was directed. Lord Bute, after acknowledging the favor, accepted the dedication: and made him a present, from the Prince of Wales, of a banknote of a hundred pounds.

Murphy telling the above anecdotes some time afterwards at Holland-house, Lord Hillsborough asked him whether, in the course of the conversation he had with Lord Bute, his Lordship once asked him to sit down? "No," said Murphy; "now I recollect, he walked me up and down a long gallery during the whole time."—"I thought so," said Lord Hillsborough; "now this is among the number of his Scotch vanities."

CLXXV. *Dr. Paul Hiffernan.*

This was one of the mendicant authors who attended Foote's levee. He was by no means deficient in either classical learning or modern languages, but living so long out of England, he wanted a facility of style, as well as a good taste for English subjects. This kept him more at a distance with the booksellers than he wished: Foote, however, occasionally relieved and laughed at him.

One day Paul was relating some circumstance as a *fact;* and by way of corroboration said, he would pawn his soul upon it.—"Aye, that you may," said Foote; "and your *watch* too, Doctor, which at *present is of more value to you;* and yet I must question the veracity of what you tell me."

CLXXVI. *The same.*

Another time, returning from North-end to town when it rained very hard, Foote *lent* him half-a-crown

to pay his coach hire. "I believe, Sir," said one of the servants, "the fare to town is three shillings."—"Yes I know that very well," said Foote; "but the little walk the Doctor will have to his lodgings in this fine refreshing shower, will give his old black coat a drink that will be infinitely better for him than the odd sixpence."

CLXXVII. *The same.*

Paul was fond of laying, or rather *offering*, wagers. One day in the heat of argument, he cried out, "I'll lay *my head* you are wrong upon that point."—"Well," said Foote, "I accept the wager; *any trifle* among friends has a value."

CLXXVIII. *The same.*

Foote would occasionally sear up these sarcasms with acts of kindness and generosity. One day meeting Paul waddling up the Haymarket with rather a woeful countenance, he asked what was the matter with him. "I don't know" said the other; "one way or other, I feel myself but so-so this morning."—"What, I suppose the old disorder, *impecuniosity?*" At this the Doctor shook his head. "Well then, let me prescribe for you; I have had a *bumper* last night at my theatre, and therefore can afford to *lend* you as many guineas as you have shillings in your pocket."

The Doctor very fortunately for him, had just changed his last half-guinea; and had *seven shillings* remaining, which he instantly produced with great satisfaction.—"Aye, here we have come to the root of the disorder," said Foote, smiling: "there are seven guineas for you; and now, Doctor, I hope you'll be a *healthy* man for at least *seven* weeks longer."

CLXXIX. *The same.*

Hiffernan wrote a farce, which was damned. The elder Colman, however, seeing something in it worth using in a piece of his, proposed giving him ten guineas for it, which the other joyfully accepted; but Colman pausing about what form of a receipt should be given for it, the Doctor suddenly took up the pen and wrote, "Received of Geo. Colman, Esq. ten guineas, for *an incident;* and for which I am much obliged to him."

CLXXX. ON ELOQUENCE, RECITATION, AND NARRATIVE.

(Conversation pieces.)

Lords Bolingbroke and Mansfield.

These noble lords, who were partly cotemporaries, were not less distinguished for their eloquence than for their rank, learning, and general accomplishments.

Lord Chesterfield, a decided critic upon this subject, speaks thus of the powers of the former of them:—

"Lord Bolingbroke has both a tongue and a pen to persuade. His manner of speaking in private conversation, is full as elegant as his writing. Whatever subject he either speaks or writes upon, he adorns it with the most splendid eloquence:—not a studied labored eloquence; but such a flowing happiness of diction, as, from care, perhaps at first, is become so habitual, that even in his most familiar conversations, if taken down in writing, would bear the press without the least correction, either as to the method or styles. If his conduct in the former part of his life had been equal to all his natural and acquired talents, he would have most justly merited the epithet of all-accomplished."

Lord Mansfield almost stood alone through a long course of professional business, for a copiousness and richness of eloquence, not only in his speeches in parliament, and at the bar of the House of Lords, but on seemingly the most barren questions in the courts. Many instances of this has been given by the old solicitors; who have said, that often when the audience part of the court of King's Bench would begin to thin from the expectation of no material business coming on, no sooner was the cry given of "Murray being up," than the crowds would run back so as not only to fill the court, but all the avenues leading to it.

He read too with great discrimination and sweetness of tone:

"*Nullum quod tetegit, non ornavit*:

Insomuch that in even reading the law and parliamentary records, he rendered them so interesting, and peculiarly illustrative of his argument, that they served as fine reliefs to the more luminous parts of his oration. In short, this great man was every way entitled to the following compliment paid to him by his friend Pope, who early saw the force, the dignity, and the extent of his general powers:—

Blest as thou art with all the power of words,
So known, so honored in the House of Lords,
Conspicuous scene? another yet is nigh,
More awful far, where kings and poets lie;
Where Murray, long enough his country's pride,
Shall be no more than Tully, or than Hyde.

Betterton.

Besides the testimonies of Addison, Steele, Cibber, and others, in favor of the professional abilities of this great actor, which consisted in an infinite variety of tones, and a power of eye and gesture that were irresistible; Booth tells us, that "the first time he himself played the *Ghost* to his *Hamlet*, he was so petrified by his awful and impressive manner of ad-

dressing him, that it was some minutes before he could speak."

Nat. Lee

Was so pathetic a reader of dramatic poetry, that while he was reciting one of his own plays in the green-room to Major Mohun, the latter, in the warmth of his admiration, threw away the part, and exclaimed: "To what purpose can I undertake this character, if I am not able to play it as well as you read it."

Dryden.

This great poet, though one of the first harmonizers of our language, was so indifferent a reader, that when he brought his play of *Amphytrion* to the stage, Cibber, who heard him give it the first reading, says, "Though he delivered the plain sense of every period, yet the whole was in so cold, so flat, and unaffecting a manner, that I am afraid of not being believed if I should express it."

Colley Cibber.

Though his voice as an actor was occasionally harsh and unmusical, more particularly in tragedy, he was a fine reciter of comedies in private. Foote and Murphy, both excellent judges, have given testi-

mony of this; particularly the latter, who heard him read the scenes of *Lord* and *Lady Townly* in the *Provoked Husband* to Mrs. Woffington. It is true, his voice partook of the *old school*, and therefore differed in some respect from that familiarity in modern dialogue which Garrick introduced; but it was, upon the whole, a fine picture of the manners of the age in which the play was written, and had a very impressive effect.

Pope.

Pope had a very musical voice; and recited poetry so sweetly in his youth, with a pleasing languor in his eye, that he was called by Mr. Cromwell and and many of his early friends, "the young nightingale."*

Rowe.

This poet equally excelled in reading well. Mrs. Oldfield, herself a fine reciter, and an acknowledged judge, declared, "that all the merit she acquired in the modulation of her tones, was from Rowe reading his own tragedies."

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* After Lady Mary Wortley Montagu quarrelled with Pope, hearing of the epithet of "the young nightingale" applied to him, she exclaimed: "Very true, indeed; all sound and no sense!"

Hooke.

This elegant writer of the Roman History, during his progress in that work, read some of the orations to Speaker Onslow, who was himself an acknowledged good orator; and he delivered them with such grace and elocution, that Onslow exclaimed, "How can I tell whether those lines are sense or nonsense, when you bribe me with such a harmony of voice?"

Thomson, Author of the Seasons.

He read so badly, and with such a broad Scotch accent, that he latterly never attempted it, but to divert the company. One of the players was obliged to read his two tragedies of *Agamemnon* and *Sophonisba*.

Congreve.

Southern says of Congreve, "that when he brought a comedy of his to the players" (Dr. Johnson believes it to be the *Old Bachelor*), "he read it so wretchedly ill, that they were on the point of rejecting it, till one of them good naturedly took it out of his hands and read it; when they were so fully persuaded of its excellence, that for half a year before it was acted he had the privilege of the house."

Addison.

On the first reading of his *Cato* in the green-room, he succeeded so ill, that he would not attempt it a second time. He therefore consigned that task to Cibber; who acquitted himself so much better than the author, that the latter requested he would perform the part of *Cato*. But Cibber knew his own talents too well for this; and he yielded the part very judiciously to Booth.

Isaac Hawkins Browne,

Who was himself a fine poet (as he proved by his Latin poem on the immortality of the soul), never could thoroughly relish Milton till he heard the elder Sheridan read some passages from that divine author.

Though Sheridan's voice was never, in my opinion, harmonious enough for the tender and pathetic parts of this divine poem; yet in the sublimer passages I have often borne witness to his dignity, force, and elocution.

Mr. Browne, beside being a good poet, was a very fine reciter, and a most delightful companion; which latter quality Dr. Johnson, in his Lives of the Poets, thus elegantly describes:—

"His conversation was at once so elegant, so apparently artless, so pure, and so pleasing, it seemed a

perpetual stream of sentiment, enlivened by gaiety, and sparkling with images."

Lord Chatham.

This illustrious statesman, so justly celebrated for his oratory, integrity, and transcendent abilities, was likewise a very fine and animated reader. Shakspeare was one of his favorite authors; whom he occasionally read to his family and private companies, with great power of voice and manner. He generally selected the heroic characters; such as *Hotspur*, *Henry V.* *Coriolanus*, &c.; assigning the comic parts to some of his relations. He had likewise an elegant turn for poetry; in which he would probably have greatly excelled, had he not been summoned away by the higher duties which he owed his country.

Bois Robert,

Who lived in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, was celebrated for telling anecdotes with uncommon grace and vivacity; and by this talent ingratiated himself very much with Cardinal Richelieu. His friends often solicited him to publish them; but he had the good sense to know, that though a man may *talk* himself into reputation, he may *print* himself out of it.

Shuter.

This celebrated comedian had the peculiarity of Bois Robert, that his stories would not bear printing; nor indeed would many of them bear reciting by any other person than himself. It was in his *manner* that he excelled; and that manner, aided by the luxuriance of his comic features, and the drollery of his eye, was irresistible.

Garrick.

Garrick read dramatic poetry, with infinite grace, judgment, and versatility; so much so, that he could generally impose any part he pleased on a performer, though ever so bad, by his manner of repeating it in the green-room. Dick Yates often told the Editor of these Memoirs, that it required all his skill and foresight to guard against him in this point; of which he gave the following anecdote among many others:

In order to strengthen the comedy of *The Jealous Wife* as much as possible on its first appearance, Garrick proposed that Yates should play the character of *Sir Harry Beagle*, instead of *Major Oakly*. For this purpose, on his first reading the play in the green-room, he embellished the character of *Sir Harry* with such an infinite variety of humor, that every body applauded it except Yates, who still requested the *Major* in preference. Garrick again pressed him by say-

ing "what a fine character it was! how much in his way!" &c. till Yates at last put an end to the controversy by saying, "If I could presume, Sir, on playing it any thing like you, I would accept it; but as I know my own powers, I must beg leave to decline it." The event shewed that Yates was right both in his own judgment and that of the public.

As another instance of his powers of recitation, the following fell under my own observation;—

In company with a friend to whom Garrick had promised some instructions in the character of *Macbeth*, I waited on him at his house in the Adelphi about eleven o'clock on a Sunday morning. After some preliminary conversation, Garrick took up the play; and read several passages with a taste, feeling, and discrimination, *new* even to me, who had seen him so often in this character on the stage. But when he came to the dagger scene, I observed his face instantly assume a mixture of horror, perplexity and guilt, which I thought it impossible for human nature to *affect:* the glare of his eyes was conformable to the range of his features, and he went through the passage in a style totally indescribable. I then saw the amazing effect of his art; in which, like a great original in painting, the nearer it was viewed, the more the delicate and master touches of the pencil were discernible.

This event happened above thirty years ago; and I now remember it with a sensibility which, while it

affords me the most lively impressions, leads me to despair of ever "seeing its like again."

Monsieur Texier

Recited French plays uncommonly well; and introduced into his reading a particular manner, which gave his powers of recitation greater scope. This was, by never announcing the name of the character who spoke, otherwise than at the beginning of a play, or even the change of a scene. Hence he marked his *dramatis personæ* by the discrimination of his voice and manner *only*, and succeeded most happily. When complimented upon his talent, he replied with much seeming humility: "*C'est le petit don le la nature.*" (It is the trifling gift of nature).

Quin

Was reckoned to read Milton well; though Dr. Johnson thought him more an *actor*, than a *reciter*, of the poet. In the declamatory parts of tragedy, however, he had the approbation of the best judges.

John Henderson.

This very excellent performer piqued himself on his reading, and was much followed by the public. But the fault imputed to Quin by Dr. Johnson, was conspicuous in Henderson: he was too much an *actor* in the comic parts of recitation.

Hugh Kelly,

The author of *False Delicacy*, &c. read very musically; though with little or no foundation in science. His ear and manner alone carried him through with much satisfaction to those who heard him.

Isaac Bickerstaff

Recited in a voice so thick, and a manner seemingly embarrassed, as rendered him not only incapable of giving variety to his tones, but at times scarcely intelligible. In reading his comedy of *'Tis Well it's no Worse* (since cut down to the farce of *The Pannel*) to a small circle of friends, he laid most of them asleep, though just after partaking the hospitalities of his table.

Dr. Goldsmith

Read so slovenly, and with such an Irish brogue, that it was sometimes difficult to distinguish his poetry from his prose. He was sensible of this himself; and used to say: "I leave the *reading of my pieces*, and the *punctuation of them*, to the *players* and the *printers*; for, in truth, I know little of either."

John Walker,

Preceptor in oratory (author of the *Pronouncing Dictionary*, and other philological works of merit) has shown himself well qualified for such a profession both by his precepts and example. In the recital of the sublime passages of Milton and our best poets, he has long been justly celebrated; and the Editor of these volumes once heard him read the Lord's prayer in a tone of such fervor and piety, as excited a wish that the powers of this impressive science might be more cultivated by the professors of our holy religion.

Frodsham,

The York manager, independently of his great stage qualifications, was a very fine reciter. He once introduced into a public lecture which he read at York, some observations on the liturgy; which he first exemplified by an imitation of the various styles mostly in practice, and then gave specimens of the manner in which many of the sublime passages of it should be read, highly to the gratification of a very respectable audience.

Dr. Johnson

Read serious and sublime poetry with great gravity and feeling. In the recital of prayers and religious

poems, he was awfully impressive, and his memory served him upon those occasions with great readiness. One night at the club, a person quoting the nineteenth psalm, the Doctor caught fire; and, instantly taking off his hat, began with great solemnity:

"The spacious firmament on high,"* &c.

and went through that beautiful hymn. Those who were acquainted with the Doctor, know how harsh and repulsive his features in general were; but upon this occasion, to use the language of scripture, "his face was almost as if it had been the face of an angel."

CLXXXI. *Walter Ross.*

Foote having occasion for the testimony of Walter Ross, of Edinburgh, in some theatrical law suit, the latter (who was a *Scotchman*), travelled all the way up to town in a post-chaise under the character of *writer to the signet*, for which he charged Foote the whole of his expenses.

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* This fine version of the nineteenth psalm has been generally attributed to Addison, from its being introduced under the letter C in the sixth volume of the Spectator, as well as from its moral and sublime tendency; and this opinion has been so prevalent, that the collectors of the musical miscellany have ignorantly given the words as written by *Doctor Addison*: but the real author was Andrew Marvel, the celebrated patriot, as appears by his posthumous papers; a man who added to an inflexible love of his country a pious and *practical* belief in the christian religion.

The cause, when it came to a hearing, was determined against Foote; and, as it was then said, on the incompetency of the evidence of Ross: which created some little coolness between the parties. Friends however interfering, they were reconciled, and dined together the day before Ross went out of town; during which meeting Foote asked him, in the course of conversation, how he intended to travel back. "On *foot*," said the wag, taking him in his own way.—"I am heartily sorry for that," said the other; "as I know of no man who more richly deserves *horsing*."

CLXXXII. *Haunch of Venison.*

Talking of the best method of cutting up a haunch of venison, Foote said "the best carver in the world was a man *who could cut up a haunch* dexterously, and *eat none himself*."

CLXXXIII. *Impudence of Wealth.*

A wealthy man from the city, dining one day at North-end, was every now and then boasting, with all the insolence of prosperity, of his many thousands in the funds, his capital in trade, mortgages, annuities, &c. when Foote cut him short by saying, "he was very sorry for the circumstance."—"What!" exclaimed his guest, "do you envy me my prosperity?"—"No, my good Sir," said the other; "but you talk so much of your riches, I am afraid the compa-

ny (who don't know you as well as I do) will think *you are going to break.*"

CLXXXIV. *Female Robbery.*

A lady of fashion having suddenly eloped to avoid her creditors, a circle of her former friends were, as usual, sitting in judgment on her character, and relating different anecdotes which fell within their respective knowledge. Among the rest, Lady Betty D—— was violently severe against her, for robbing her Ladyship of a *fine new set of teeth*, which she borrowed of her for the feigned purpose of getting a new set like them. "Nay," said Foote, "now Lady Betty, that's no such great matter after all."—"What! no great matter, Sir, to rob me of my teeth?"—"Why, no; I really think not: for, at the worst, you know, it was only *biting* the *biter.*"

CLXXXV. *Mr. and Mrs. Barry.*

The year after the season in which Mr. and Mrs. Barry drew such crowds to the Opera-house in the Haymarket, Foote engaged them to play at his little theatre. His friends expressing their surprise why he should pay such high prices for *tragedy* at his house, he replied: "Why, to tell you the truth, I have no great occasion for them; but they were such *bad neighbors* last year, that I find it cheaper to give them board and lodging for nothing, than to have them any longer *opposite to me.*"

CLXXXVI. *Irish Humor.*

Foote always acknowledged the humor and *naïveté* of the Irish, and gave many instances of it in the course of his convivial hours.—One frosty day, he said, as he was crossing the ferry, near Dublin, a passenger was put in the boat quite drunk, who was at first very ungovernable. This occasioned many remarks: one said "how beastly drunk he was:" another, "that he ought to be thrown overboard," &c. At last the boatman, looking at him, seemingly with an eye of compassion, exclaimed: "Why, to be sure, good people, the man is bad enough; but, bad as he is, I wish *I had half his disorder about me.*"

CLXXXVII. *The same.*

Another time, dining at a public table in Dublin, where as usual, the company were giving loyal toasts, a giddy young man of fashion, who sat by a Roman-catholic priest, was every now and then teasing him with such toasts as were not quite congenial to his way of thinking. The priest took no notice of it for some time, till it came to his own turn; when he very gravely asked his neighbour what was the preceding toast:—"The Glorious Revolution, Doctor; match it if you can."—"Was that a good one?" asked the other, drily.—"Oh, most excellent!"—"Why then, my honey, I'll give you *Another of them.*"

CLXXXVIII. *The same.*

He used to tell a story of meeting an Irishman comparing his watch by St. Paul's, and bursting into

a fit of laughter. Being asked what he laughed at, he replied: "And how can I help it? when here is my little watch, that was made by Paddy O'Flaherty on Ormond-quay, and which only cost me five guineas, has *beat* your big London clock there *a full hour and a quarter* since yesterday morning."

CLXXXIX. *Mrs. Clive and Mrs. Pritchard.*

These two celebrated actresses becoming latterly very corpulent, were one night performing the characters of *Lady Easy* and *Edging* in the comedy of *The Careless Husband*. In the part where the former desires the latter to take up a letter which is dropt on the stage, Mrs. Clive (who could as well have taken up the monument) cried out, "Not I, indeed! take it up yourself, if you like it." This threw an equal embarrassment on the other; which the audience seeing, began to titter. At last Mrs. Pritchard, with great presence of mind, replied: "Well, madam Pert, since you won't take up the letter, I must only get one that will;" and accordingly beckoned towards the side scene, when one of the servants of the house came forward and terminated the dispute.

CXC. *Mrs. Gammon.*

This lady, who was very large and fat, walking on the Steine one evening at Brighton, somebody said, "Here comes Mrs. Gammon!"—"Who?" said Foote, holding up his glass at the same time; "only a

single gammon! why, 'tis *the whole of the old sow herself.*"

He lived in habits of intimacy with this lady; but a man of wit never suffers such a circumstance to stand in the way of a *bon-mot*.

CXCI. *Edward Moore*,

(Author of the Periodical Paper called THE WORLD.)

It is rather extraordinary, that though this gentleman was totally ignorant of every language but his own, it has been universally allowed, that few men wrote better in prose or verse, or showed more knowledge of the classics in applications and allusions to them.

The late Lord Chesterfield saw this singularity; and upon Mr. Moore's death (having a great regard for him), he undertook the education of his only son: when, by way of cultivating the *family talent* (as his Lordship called it), he carefully avoided having the youth taught any other language than his own native English. But the pupil, not having the difficulties which his father had to struggle with, nor consequently the same spur to assiduity, wanted, in all probability, the ingredients which contributed to form and enrich his father's mind. Hence he promised to be no more than a mere English scholar, without much taste or genius. He died, however, before his Lordship fully proved the *fallacy of his speculation*.

CXCII. *Lord Lyttleton.*

George Lord Lyttleton, though otherwise a very ingenious and respectable character, was very subject to *reveries* while any person was talking to him. One day Garrick and his Lordship were conversing about Mr. Moore (the first subject of the present article), when they both agreed in wishing that some comfortable and independent situation could be procured for him. At this instant Garrick caught his Lordship's eye wandering towards the ceiling in search of his favorite *reverie;* and, willing to try how far it would carry him, cried out: "Pray, my Lord, suppose we could get Moore to be one of the *runners of the penny-post office:* don't you think that would be a pretty snug *genteel* thing for him and his family?"—"Aye, aye, David," said his Lordship, catching only the last word; "so it would; so it would; and I thank you for putting me in mind of it."

CXCIII. *Curious Anecdotes relative to the Drama.*

Besides Foote's well-known talents for dramatic writing, he read much, and knew from tradition many anecdotes of the stage. He encouraged this conversation likewise much at table; whence the following particulars are gleaned, which it is hoped will not be unacceptable to the lovers of the drama.

Recruiting Officer.

The characters of this play were taken by captain Farquhar, from the following originals:

Justice Balance was a Mr. Beverly; a gentleman of strict honor and independency, then recorder of Shrewsbury.

Another of the justices was Mr. Hill, an inhabitant of Shrewsbury.

Worthy was a Mr. Owen who lived on the borders of Shropshire.

Captain Plume was Farquhar himself.

Captain Brazen unknown.

Sylva was Miss Beverley, daughter of the gentleman of that name just mentioned.

Melinda was Miss Harnage, of Belsadine, near the Wreken.

The plot is supposed to be the author's own invention.

The above information was communicated to Dr. Percy, the present Bishop of Dromore, by Mr. E. Blakeway, of Shrewsbury; and this gentleman had it from an old lady living at Shrewsbury (1765), who knew Farquhar intimately.

Otway's Orphan.

The plot of this celebrated tragedy, though generally supposed to be invented by the author, is taken

from a fact related in a very scarce pamphlet (of which, I believe, only two copies are now to be found) entitled *English Adventures*, published in 1667. The following are the particulars:—

The father of *Charles Brandon*, afterwards Duke of Suffolk, retired, on the death of his lady, to the borders of Hampshire. His family consisted of two sons; and a young lady, the daughter of a friend lately deceased, whom he adopted as his own child.

This lady, being singularly beautiful as well as amiable in her manners, attracted the affections of both the brothers. The elder, however, was the favorite, and he privately married her; which the younger not knowing, and overhearing an appointment of the lovers to meet the next night in her bedchamber, he contrived to get his brother otherwise employed, and made the signal of admission himself (thinking it a mere intrigue). Unfortunately he succeeded.

On a discovery, the lady lost her reason, and soon after died. The two brothers fought, and the elder fell. The father broke his heart in a few months afterwards. The younger brother, Charles Brandon, the unintentional author of all this family misery, quitted England in despair, with a fixed determination of never returning.

Being abroad for several years, his nearest relations supposed him dead, and began to take the necessary steps for obtaining his estates; when, roused

by this intelligence, he returned privately to England, and for a time took obscure lodgings in the vicinity of his family mansion.

While he was in this retreat, the young king (Henry VIII.) who had just buried his father, was one day hunting on the borders of Hampshire, when he heard the cries of a female in distress in an adjoining wood. His gallantry immediately summoned him to the place, though he then happened to be detached from all his courtiers; where he saw two ruffians attempting to violate the honor of a young lady. The king instantly drew on them; and a scuffle ensued, which roused the *reverie* of Charles Brandon, who was taking his morning's walk in an adjoining thicket: he immediately ranged himself on the side of the king, whom he then did not know; and by his dexterity soon disarmed one of the ruffians, while the other fled.

The king, charmed with this act of gallantry so congenial to his own mind, inquired the name and family of the stranger; and not only repossessed him of his patrimonial estates, but took him under his immediate protection.

It was this same Charles Brandon who afterwards privately married Henry's sister, Margaret, Queen-dowager of France; which marriage the king not only forgave, but created him Duke of Suffolk, and continued his favor towards him to the last hour of the Duke's life.

He died before Henry; and the latter showed in his attachment to this nobleman, that notwithstanding his fits of capriciousness and cruelty, he was capable of a cordial and steady friendship. He was sitting in council when the news of Suffolk's death reached him; and he publicly took that occasion both to express his own sorrow, and to celebrate the merits of the deceased. He declared, that during the whole course of their acquaintance his brother-in-law had not made a single attempt to injure an adversary, and had never whispered a word to the disadvantage of any one; "and are there *any of you*, my Lords, who can say as much?" When the King subjoined these words (says the historian), he looked round in all their faces, and saw that confusion which the consciousness of secret guilt naturally threw upon them.

Otway took his plot from the *fact* related in this pamphlet; but to avoid perhaps interfering in a circumstance which might affect many noble families at that time living, he laid the scene of his tragedy in Bohemia.

There is a large painting of the above incident now at Woburn, the seat of his Grace the Duke of Bedford; and the old Duchess-dowager, in showing this picture a few years before her death to a nobleman, related all the particulars of the story.

The same.

The character of *Antonio* in the above play, (an old debauched senator, raving about *plots* and political intrigues) is supposed to have been intended for that celebrated but turbulent character, *Anthony* the first Earl of Shaftesbury.

The Jealous Wife.

When the elder Colman had nearly finished this comedy, he laid it before Garrick, as a friend, for inspection. The latter was much pleased with it in general: yet saw, from his intimate knowledge of stage effect, that there wanted a second character in the piece, to support the firmness of the husband; who, though drawn as a sensible man of the world, is evidently in the trammels of his wife.

Colman instantly agreed in the justness of the remark, took back the play, and added the part of *Major Oakly*, which now makes so conspicuous a figure in it.

The hint of this character he took from the portrait of Tom Meggot, in No. 212 and 216 of the Spectator, both papers written by Sir Richard Steele. To these Colman stands likewise much indebted for the conduct of the two brothers; particularly for the quarrel in the last act, which is principally taken from No. 216.

These little circumstances, however, must be considered as mere hints, to things of which sort most dramatic writers are indebted. The play as it now stands is evidently all Colman's own, from his manner of adoption, arrangement, &c. and ranks (as it deservedly ought) as a comedy of the first distinction for genius and observation.

Tyrannic Love, or the Royal Martyr.

Though no man respected the general talents of Dryden more than Foote did, he was too good a judge of dramatic writing, not to censure most of the plays of this celebrated poet. The licentiousness of the age of Charles the Second showed itself in no one instance more strongly than in the theatre. Dryden paid a large tribute to this profligacy of manners; as may be exemplified in a great number of his plays, but perhaps in none so much as in his tragedy of *Tyrannic Love, or the Royal Martyr.*

The hero of this piece is the emperor Maximin; a monster of such cruelty, caprice, and impiety, as should scarcely be looked on in the pages of history. It is true, Dryden has told us in his preface, that "he has only drawn him for *detestation;*" but he should have known (if not intoxicated with the vices and caprices of the age he lived in), that as in inanimate nature there are objects too indelicate for public developement, so there are characters in life too singularly vicious to be brought forward as examples.

But that my readers may judge for themselves, I shall select from this tragedy the speech which *Maximin* makes on the death of his daughter; which Foote, in a fit of merriment, has often repeated with a degree of drollery equal to the exhibition of any of his comic characters.

What had ye, gods, to do with me, or mine?
Did I molest your heaven?
Why should you then make Maximin your foe;
Who paid you tribute, which he need not do?
Your altars I with smoke of gums did crown,
For which you lean'd your hungry nostrils down;
All daily gaping for my incense there,
More than your sun could draw you in a year.
And you, for this, those plagues on me have sent.
But, by the gods,—by Maximin, I meant,—
Henceforth I, and my world,
Hostility with you, and yours, declare:
Look to it, gods; for you the aggressors are,
Keep you your rain and sun-shine in your skies,
And I'll keep back my flame and sacrifice;
Your *trade* of heaven shall soon be at a stand,
And all your goods lie dead upon your hand.

Who could have libelled Dryden more than he has done himself by this impious and ridiculous speech?

The Provoked Husband.

This comedy, which Vanbrugh so happily conceived, and which Cibber has more happily still connected and continued, is little known in its rudiments.

Manly, in the present comedy, was an uncle of *Squire Richard* in the sketch; who, speaking of families, says, "It is a settled foundation point in all great families, that every child shall be a beggar but the first, and *he* shall be a fool."

Sir Francis Headpiece, the *Sir Francis Wronghead* of the present play, is represented as two-and-forty years of age; and his character is drawn by the Butler in the following words: "He has drunk thirty-two tons of ale."

The *Townlys* in the present play, were in the sketch *Lord* and *Lady Loverule:* and their conduct and contentions were pretty much the same as at present, except in the fifth act; where Cibber has, with great taste and dramatic effect, recalled the lady's heart to a sense of her conjugal duties, as well as shewed her the frivolities and miseries of her former conduct. This last act is entirely Cibber's own. He likewise simplified the business in the body of the play, by uniting *uncle Richard* and *Sir Charles* in the person of *Manly*, as well as by skilfully retouching the whole of the other four acts.

The critics of that day, led on by the personal animosities of Pope and some of his friends (who detested Cibber), took up the posthumous honor of Vanbrugh with great heat; and insisted that Cibber had spoiled the original sketches by blending *his own brothers* (the *Wrongheads*) with the high bred characters of *Lord* and *Lady Townly*, which belonged to Vanbrugh. This malicious assertion was very nearly fatal to this excellent comedy on the first night of its representation; till Cibber fully proved its falsity, to the disappointment and shame of its malevolent authors.

The Clandestine Marriage.

It is generally thought that Garrick and Colman, who wrote this very pleasant comedy, were indebted only to a hint from Hogarth's *Marriage-à-la-Mode*; but it appears they had other obligations, which they never acknowledged, from a farce called *False Concord* (written by Mr. Townley, author of *High Life below Stairs*, and acted for Woodward's benefit). This farce contains three remarkable characters; *Lord Lavender*; *Mr. Suds*, a rich soap-boiler; and a *pert valet*: which are almost the exact counterparts of *Lord Ogleby*, *Mr. Sterling*, and *Brush*, in *The Clandestine Marriage*.

CXCIV. *Betterton.*

Archbishop Sancroft once asked this celebrated actor, "Pray, Mr. Betterton, can you inform me what is the reason you actors on the stage affect your audience by speaking of things *imaginary*, as if they were *real;* while we in the church speak of things *real*, which our congregations receive only as if they were *imaginary ?*"—"Why, really my Lord," said Betterton, "I don't know; except it is, that we actors speak of things imaginary *as if* they were real, while you in the pulpit speak of things real *as if* they were imaginary."

CXCV. *The Pleasure of paying our Debts.*

"What a pleasure it is to pay our debts! It seems to flow from a combination of circumstances, each of which is productive of a specific happiness. In the first place, it removes that uneasiness which a true spirit feels from independence and obligation. It affords pleasure to the creditor, and therefore gratifies our social affection. It promotes that future confidence which is so interesting to an honest mind. It opens a prospect of being readily supplied with what we want on future occasions. It leaves a consciousness of our own virtue; and is a measure which we know to be

right, both in point of justice and of sound economy. Finally, it is a main support of reputation."

A person making the above reflections before Foote, he, with that air of ridicule and promptitude of mind for which he was so eminently distinguished, begged the company would hear the other side of the question, namely :—

The Advantages of not paying our Debts.

"This pre-supposes a person to be a man of fortune; otherwise he would not gain credit. It is the art of living without money. It saves the trouble and expense of keeping accounts; and makes other people *work*, in order to give ourselves *repose*. It prevents the cares and embarrassments of riches. It checks avarice, and encourages generosity; as people are commonly more liberal of others' goods than of their own: while it possesses that genuine spark of primitive Christianity, which would live in a constant *communion of all property*.

"In short, it draws the *inquiries* and *attention* of the world on us while we live, and makes us *sincerely regretted* when we die."

CXCVI. *Dr. Monsey.*

Dr. Messenger Monsey, who was a leading man for wit and humor during more than half a century, was patronised by the late Lord Godolphin, the son of

Queen Anne's treasurer; and by him presented, on the death of Dr. Smart, to the place of physician to Chelsea College.

He was acquainted with most of the wits and *literati* of his day: and of course with Foote and Garrick; at whose tables he often circulated the laugh: whether *at* or *with* the parties, it was indifferent to him;—mirth and pleasure were the order of the day, and they were to be provided at whatever expense.

Of his origin the Doctor used to give the following humorous account; which he did, not so much for the sake of merely stating a whimsical fact, as to humble the arrogant folly of those who would claim a peculiar degree of merit from the adventitious circumstance of family connexions.

"The first of my ancestors," said he, "of any note, was a *baker* and *dealer in hops*; which two trades just enabled him, with some difficulty, to support a large family.

"Having a pressing occasion for a temporary sum, he robbed his feather-beds of their contents, and supplied the deficiency with unsaleable hops. In a few years afterwards, a severe blight universally prevailing, hops became very scarce, and enormously dear. His hoarded treasure was applied to: the contents were ripped out, and a good round sum was procured for them; though in a plentiful season they would not have been marketable. "Thus, added the Doctor, our family *hopped* into the world from obscurity."

CXCVII. *The same.*

Monsey living the friend of all hours with Lord Godolphin, he used to tell many anecdotes as related by that nobleman; and among others the following one, relative to his grandmother Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough.

In a conversation which Lady Sunderland had with her mother the Duchess, the former observed: "In all the torrent of abuse poured out on your Grace, your worst enemies have never called you a faithless wife." —"It was no great merit," said the Duchess, as she was turning over the papers afterwards sent to Mallet for her husband's history; "it was no great merit; for I had the handsomest, the most accomplished, and bravest man in Europe for my husband."—"Yet, Madam, you don't say that he was without faults!" replied Lady Sunderland.—"By no means: I knew them better than he did himself, or even than I do my own. He came back one day from my poor misled mistress Queen Anne (I believe when he resigned his commission), and said he had told her, that he thanked God, with all his faults, neither *avarice* nor *ambition* could be laid to his charge.

"When he told me this," continued she, "though not in a laughing humor, I bit my tongue almost through to prevent my smiling in his face."

CXCVIII. *The same.*

During a prevailing general illness in the Doctor's neighborhood, a *petit maître* lord of his acquaintance sent him a very formal letter, interdicting all visits to the family during this *influenza*—a correspondence by letter his Lordship barely admitted, but even this letter was to pass quarantine for a night and a day. If the Doctor passed him in riding out, the glasses of his Lordship's coach were closely shut up; and a mere waving of his hands was the only personal civility that passed between these *intimate* friends for seven months.

One day, meeting the Doctor on the road suddenly, the peer exc aimed, "My dear Monsey, to tell you the truth we are *afraid* o you just at this time, you come from so many *sick* rooms."—"And you, my Lord, cried Monsey, "produce the very *reverse* effect upon me; as, when I see you, you make me *sick* but never *afraid*."

CXCIX. *The same.*

"So you are one of the venal electors of———," said Monsey to a man whom he knew to have been bribed at an election. "I never had that disorder *in my life*," said the man, mistaking the word *venal* for one of a somewhat similar sound.—"Then you had a worse *in your hand* to my knowledge."

CC. *The same.*

Dining with Garrick in company with Dr. Warburton and Dr. Browne (author of Barbarossa, &c.) Monsey was rather grave. "Why so much out of spirits, Doctor," said Garrick.—"Oh! he is afraid of Dr. Warburton," said Browne.—"Afraid of him!" said Monsey, looking indignantly at both; "no: I may be dull to-day, for how can it be otherwise from the effect of *this conversation?* but I assure you I am not afraid of Dr. Warburton, nor of his man *Jack* either."

CCI. *The same.*

Leonidas Glover having married a lady of an athletic make and constitution, soon after retired to the country for a few months without the knowledge of his friends and acquaintance.

"Have you seen Glover since his marriage?" said a lady: "I fear he is lost."—"I hope not, Madam," said Monsey, "though 'tis not impossible that, like his hero, he may have perished *in the Straits of Thermopylæ.*"

CCII. *The same.*

The late Duke of G—— was said to be mean enough to postpone paying Dr. Monsey for a long attend-

ance upon him and his family, by the promise of a little place at Windsor.

"I take liberty to call upon your Grace," said Monsey one morning to him, "to tell you that this little place is at last vacant."—"Ecod!" (a favorite word of the Duke's,) "and so it is, my dear Monsey; I know it: but, confound it! the Chamberlain has been just with me to tell me he has promised it to Jack ——."

On this the Doctor retired rather disappointed; when meeting the Chamberlain next day, and lamenting his ill luck, his Lordship stared at him, and asked him if he could keep a secret. Then, putting a folded paper into his hand, "There," says he, "is a letter in his Grace's own hand, soliciting this very place for *another* person.

CCIII. *The same.*

Sir Robert Walpole used to spend much of his leisure hours with Monsey; who was his neighbor at Chelsea, and whom he used to call his merry Norfolk Doctor.

The minister was fond of billiards; but at this game the Doctor very much excelled him. "How happens it," said Sir Robert in one of his social hours, "that nobody will beat me at billiards, or contradict me but you, Doctor?"—"Because," said Monsey, "they get *places*; I get only a dinner and praise."

CCIV. *The same.*

A popular young clergyman, of a good heart and sound understanding, was at times infected with a solemn theatric mode of speaking, accompanied with a mincing gesture bordering on the coxcomb. This foible did not escape the eye of the Doctor; who knew his general merit, and thought him worth reclaiming. He therefore took the first opportunity, when they were alone, to tell him of his faults, with a friendly offer to cure him. The proposal being as readily accepted of by the clergyman, it was agreed that whenever the Doctor saw the *affectio dramatica* coming on, he should offer him his snuff-box by way of signal, and give two smart raps on the lid.

The prescription after some time, had the desired effect. The *patient* had the good sense to know the value of such an intellectual physician, and he acknowledges the cure with gratitude even to this day.

CCV. *The same.*

Another clergyman, a near neighbor of Monsey's, but of a different description from the former, was in the habit of contradicting him without either learning or judgment, and often without a single idea to support his argument. "If you have any faith in your opinion," said the Doctor one day, not condescending to use any other argument; "will you ven-

ture a small wager on it?"—"I could but I won't," was the answer.—"Then by your own confession," replied the other, "you have very little wit, or very little money."

CCVI. *The same.*

Though Monsey lived in intimacy with Garrick at the theatre, and at a variety of private tables, Garrick was not very fond of asking him to his house; and the reason he gave for it was, to use his own words, "that the Doctor was so great a blackguard, he could not be sure of a moment." On his promising however to behave better for the future, Garrick ventured to ask him to meet a large party of Right Honorables and fashionables at his house in Southampton-street; where Monsey figured for some time with his usual wit and pleasantry, very much to the pleasure and entertainment of the company.

At the second course, the Doctor wished for a piece of a roasted chicken, which was at the upper end of the table; and calling for it to no purpose several times to Mrs. Garrick, who happened to be engaged in talking to some noble Lord at her elbow, he at last, raising his voice, exclaimed aloud, "You little confounded toad, will you or will you not, send me a wing, leg, bit of the breast, rump, or merry-thought, of one of those chickens?"

The company, knowing the Doctor's peculiarity of humor, laughed at this; but Garrick's pride was hurt

to the quick, in feeling himself so cavalierly treated before so many noble personages.

CCVII. *The same.*

The above story getting wind, and the laugh continuing against Garrick, he determined to have his revenge, which he contrived in the following manner:—Getting Monsey to spend a day with him at Hampton-court, when there were none present but Mrs. Garrick and another in the secret, he carelessly asked him in the course of conversation, how he liked his last performance of *Ranger?*—"Oh! admirably well," was the answer: "you never played it with more health and spirits."—"Well, see there now, Mrs. Garrick! You would persuade me it would not do, and that the town would smoke me, and yet you see here so good a judge as Dr. Monsey could not find out the difference."—"The difference!" said Monsey, in surprise; "why, what the deuce does all this mean!"—"Why, to tell you the truth, my dear friend (but you must promise me to keep it a profound secret), as I begin to feel myself not so alert as formerly in the young sprightly parts of comedy, I have instructed Dagger Marr* to be my representa-

* An inferior player of Drury-lane; who received this appellation from his boasting that he could play the *dagger* scene in Macbeth better than Garrick, if he would *only* lend him his eyes.

tive in the ladder-scene, and others were there is little or no speaking, which saves me a great deal of trouble; and it is amazing how, by the advantages of dress, imitation, &c. the fellow has caught my manner, so that I can scarcely preceive the difference myself."—"You astonish me," said the Doctor, catching the bait; "why, I could not see a shade of difference. But it can't be; you're *humming* me, David."—"No indeed," replied Mrs. Garrick, "it is too true: but my dear Doctor, be secret; for if the public should once know it, I am afraid they will revenge it not only on poor Mr. Garrick, but upon the house, wardrobe, scenery, &c."

This was enough for Monsey. Next morning he ran about all Chelsea, telling the news; and the day after, in every corner about London where he could thrust himself, with all the circumstances of Garrick's meanness, indolence, contempt of the public, &c, But the story was too gross to gain a single believer besides himself. Every body laughed at him, and said it was a palpable imposition. Irritated at this, he flew to Garrick for a justification; but Garrick was now prepared to laugh at him in common with the rest, by telling him that "he was very sorry to see his understanding so far upon the decline, as to be duped in so obvious a manner."—Well said Monsey, somewhat abashed at finding himself thus outwitted, "I don't think, David, you alone could deceive me; but the seeming flat simplicity of that little witch of a wife of yours, I must confess, has fairly taken me in."

CCVIII. *The same.*

When Garrick first introduced Dr. Monsey to Murphy, after the success of that gentleman's farce called *The Upholsterer*, and the Doctor, as soon as he was admitted at the street-door, ran directly up stairs to the top of the house. "Why, where the deuce are you going?" said Garrick.—"Up to the poet's chamber, to be sure," replied Monsey: "did not you tell me that he lodged here; and where should the poet's chamber be but in the garret?"—"Pooh, pooh, man! Mr. Murphy is in the drawing-room."—"Oh! then I suppose the Captain's out of town," said Monsey, entering the room, "and you have taken this opportunity of seeing company in his apartments. Well! it is a fair deception enough, and not totally undramatic."

Murphy, having been previously acquainted with the Doctor's character, joined in the laugh; and they spent an hour or two very agreeably. At last Monsey, looking at his watch, cried out, "Well, I have now seen enough of the poet. I'll go from hence to Exeter Change, then to the tall woman at Charing-cross, thence to *menagerie* in the Haymarket; and then I think I shall have done with *exhibitions* for this day."

CCIX. *The same.*

The first acquaintance which Dr. Monsey had with Garrick, was occasioned by the following circumstance:—

Monsey attended at the Old Bailey to hear some remarkable trial; and going late, was obliged to stand about the dock. In the crowd a tall man stood just before him, who totally prevented him from seeing. Monsey several times requested of him to move his head a little to the right or left, that he might just look at the prisoner: but in vain; the other made no answer, and looked down on him with contempt.—This irritated the Doctor so much, that he exclaimed: "Well! if I did not feel myself a coward, Mr. Brobdignag, I would most certainly knock you down."

The latter part of this sentence Monsey did not recollect to have said; but Garrick, who heard the story and at that time was not personally acquainted with Monsey, invented it: "And this anticipation of my *real character*," said the Doctor, "first induced me to become known to him."

CCX. *The same.*

When Gulliver's Travels first came out, a copy was sent by a friend to Monsey; who opening the book by accident in the middle, was so captivated with the novelty and strength of mind of the author, that he read on from that point to the end. He then thought of going to *sleep:* but his curiosity was too strong to suffer this: and he again took up the book, and read from the beginning to the part at which he first set out.

CCXI. *The same.*

The Doctor meeting Garrick one morning in the Strand in rather a pensive mood, asked him what he was thinking of. "Thinking of?" said Garrick, as if roused from his reverie: "I was thinking what a fool I have been through life; scratching up money here and there, morning and night, and all for whom? why, for George and his children, who may make ducks and drakes of it."—"And why don't you do as I do?" said Monsey; "spend your money yourself, save your executors the trouble, and be your own heir."—"And so I will," cried Garrick;—"with a courage," said Monsey in telling the story, "that at the time I thought natural: but, alas! turning the corner of Southampton-street, he unfortunately met with the *ghost of a farthing*, and all his boasted resolution vanished into air."*

CCXII. *The same.*

It was remarkable in Mrs. Garrick, who was always reckoned a very sensible woman, and chargeable with very few weaknesses, that she imagined she spoke the English language very correctly, though

* This anecdote, has been attributed to Macklin, Foote, and others; but is here given to *Dr. Monsey* on the authority of himself, who often told the story.

the contrary (from her being a foreigner) was notorious. One day, coming to town from Hampton-court with Dr. Monsey, she teased him so much on this subject, that on his telling the story afterwards to her husband, he said "he had a great mind to get out of the coach, and walk from Turnham-green to town."—"Pooh!" said Garrick, "you should have understood her better. But I will give you a fresh instance of her folly on this point:—She was lately, at an auction of linens (for you know my wife loves bargains); and having a piece knocked down to her, the auctioneer asked her what name he should set down. 'Petty Price,' said she; meaning one of our servants' names, from not choosing to draw the gaze of the room upon her by giving her own. 'A *petty price*, Madam!' said the auctioneer; 'well, since you think so, you will have it in your power to bid higher for the next lot; but in the meantime, Madam, I shall be obliged to you for your name.'—'Petty Price,' continued my wife: and in short so she would have continued to the end of the chapter, but for some good natured person near her; who observing her mistake, bawled out 'Betty Price."

Mrs. Garrick, as Germans generally do, sounded the letter B like P: which led her into many mistakes; and by her husband's constantly laying traps for her, would induce her to say very odd and laughable things. But all could not cure her of the foible mentioned above.

CCXIII. *The same.*

The long intimacy between Dr. Monsey and Garrick, during which they contributed much to their own amusement and much to that of their mutual friends, was at last broken off by a frivolous circumstance; which Garrick should have laughed at, as coming from such a man as Monsey.

The incident was this. A gentleman in a mixed company asserted, that to his certain knowledge, Garrick meant to quit the stage very shortly. "He never will do it," said Monsey, "as long as he knows a guinea is cross on one side, and pile on the other."* This was reported to Garrick, with exaggerations; which induced him to send the Doctor an anonymous letter, wherein, after sharply reproving him for the licence of his tongue, he concluded with the well-known quotation from Horace:

"*Absentem qui rodit amicum,*" &c.

Monsey, however, continued his sallies against Garrick's parsimony: and, during Garrick's last illness, thinking it to be only a temporary complaint, had begun some stanzas on the occasion, the two following of which are alone preserved:—

* A proverbial expression in Norfolk.

"*Hæsit lateri lethalis arundo.*"

Seven wise physicians lately met,
To save a wretched sinner;
"Come, Tom," says Jack, "pray let's be quick,
Or I shall lose my dinner."

The consultation then begins, and the case of the patient is stated; after which—

Some roar'd for rhubard, jalap some,
And some cried out for Dover:
"Let's give him something," each man said;
"Why e'en let's *give* him *over*."

Upon Garrick's death, Monsey's friends wanted him to publish this piece; but he revolted at such a proceeding, and said, "No: had he lived, I would have gone on with the laugh; but he had too much talent, and too many good qualities about him, for us not to let his little frailties lie quiet in the grave."

CCXIV. *The same.*

During the quarrel above mentioned, the late Marquis of Bath wished to reconcile the parties; but Monsey avoided this, by saying, "As for my part, I am much obliged to you, my Lord, for thinking of me; but why will your Lordship trouble yourself with the squabbles of a *Merry Andrew* and a *Quack?*"

CCXV. *Gibbon, the Historian.*

It was neatly enough said by Mr. Porson the Greek professor at Cambridge, speaking of Gibbon's History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, "That in some passages he drew the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument."

CCXVI. *Pope.*

Sir Joshua Reynolds used to tell the following anecdote relative to Pope:—When Reynolds was a young man, he was present at a sale of very scarce pictures, which attracted a great crowd of *connoisseurs* and others: when, in the moment of a very interesting piece being put up, Mr. Pope entered the room. All was in an instant, from a scene of confusion and bustle, a dead calm. The auctioneer, as if by instinct, suspended his hammer. The audience to an individual, as if by the same impulse, rose up to receive the poet; and did not resume their seats till he had reached the upper end of the room.

CCXVII. *The same.*

A still greater mark of respect was shown to him by Frederick Prince of Wales. His Royal Highness did him the honor of dining with him at Twickenham; when the poet, perhaps exerting himself too

much on the occasion, fell fast asleep immediately after dinner. Lord Bolingbroke, confounded at this circumstance, wished to wake him; but the Prince, with great condescension, prevented him, by saying: "No, no, my Lord; we should accommodate ourselves to the infirmities of such a man as Mr. Pope."

CCXVIII. *Dr. Johnson.*

Soon after Garrick's purchase at Hampton-court, he was showing Dr. Johnson the grounds, the house, Shakspeare's temple, &c.; and concluded by asking him, "Well, Doctor; how do you like all this?"—"Why, it is pleasant enough," growled the Doctor, "for the present; but all these things, David, make death very terrible."

CCXIX. *The same.*

At another time, on Garrick's showing him a magnificent library full of books in most elegant bindings, the Doctor began running over the volumes in his usual coarse and negligent manner; which was, by opening the book so wide as almost to break the back of it; and then flung them down one by one on the floor with contempt.—"Zounds!" said Garrick, who was in tortures all this time; "why, what are you about there? You'll spoil all my books!"—"No, Sir," cried Johnson; "I have done nothing but treat a pack of *silly plays* in *fops' dresses* just as they deserve, but *I see no books.*"

CCXX. *Mrs. Ch———y.*

Mrs. Ch———y, having subscribed for forty copies of Dr. Johnson's Shakspeare, told Mr. Murphy that she wished to pay the money into the Doctor's own hands, for the pleasure of being introduced to him. A day was accordingly appointed; and they called upon Johnson, who at this time lived in Gray's-inn, about one o'clock. They rapped at the outer door of his chambers for some time: but no person appearing, they were on the point of going away, when they heard somebody bustling towards the door; which, when opened, exhibited the Doctor just risen from his bed, in his shirt, without a night-cap, and in his hand a certain utensil, which (from some unaccountable absence of mind) he carried steadily before him. Startled at such a sight, the lady wished to retire; but the Doctor, with great *sang froid*, desired them to step into the next room till he was dressed, and then very deliberately walked back to his bed-chamber.

CCXXI. *Garrick.*

When Garrick was a boy, on his dining at Dr. Warburton's table with his father, he was asked to take a glass of wine; which, as he was not used to it at his own house, he declined, and said he would rather have a glass of beer.—"No, no, young gen-

tleman," cried the Doctor; "take your wine: people who drink beer, generally *think beer.*

CCXXII. *The Honey Moon.*

A clergyman being much pressed by a lady of his acquaintance to preach a sermon on the first Sunday after her marriage, complied; and chose the following passage in the Psalms for his text:—"And let there be abundance of peace, *while the moon endureth.*"

CCXXIII. *Antipathies.*

(A Conversation piece.)

Henry III. of France could not stay in the room where there was a *cat;* though so immoderately fond of *dogs*, that the Duke de Sully says, on his first audience he had a basket full of young puppies suspended by a black string from his neck, and was playing with them all the time of the conference.

The Duke d'Epernon would faint at the sight of a leveret. Marshal d'Albert could not endure a wild boar, nor a sucking pig. Ulidislas, King of Poland, was distracted at the sight of apples. Nor could Erasmus even smell fish without being greatly agitated.

Scaliger trembled at the sight of water-cresses. Tycho Brahe felt his limbs sink under him, when he met either a hare or a fox. Bacon swooned at the eclipse of the moon; and Boyle fell into convulsions on hearing the sound of water drawn from a cock.

James I. could not endure the sight of a drawn sword; and Sir Kenelm Digby tells us, "that the King's hand shook so much in knighting him, that he would have run the point of the sword into his eye, if the Duke of Buckingham had not directed it to his shoulder."

La Motte de Vayer could not endure music, but delighted in thunder. An Englishman in the seventeenth century, was near expiring whenever the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah was read to him; and a Spaniard, about the same period, fell into a *syncope* when he heard the word *lana* (wool) mentioned, though his coat was made of that substance.

"And I, myself," said Foote, when listening to these anedotes, "remember a London alderman, who in general ate in a fine *aldermanic* style, but turned pale at the sight of a sirloin of roast beef. Now, there was a pretty fellow for you; libelling a whole corporation by his own absurdity."

CCXXIV. *T. Taylor.*

Mr. Taylor (familiarly called by his acquaintance "honest Tom Taylor") had been a wealthy brewer; but retired to Hammersmith, where he occasionally entertained with great hospitality many of the wits and *bon-vivants* of his day. Foote often was one of this party. On Taylor's making an apology one day for the badness of his desert, by saying that his garden had been robbed, the week before, of some of the

finest and ripest fruit he had seen for many years;—"Why, as for your being robbed," said Foote, "that I am inclined to believe: but with respect to the *ripeness* of your fruit, my dear Tom, I must beg leave to differ with you; as I heard they caused a *great reaching*."

CCXXV. *Mrs. Yates.*

On Mrs. Yates rehearsing one morning at Drury-lane Theatre a new part of a tragic princess, where at her death a *flourish of trumpets* was necessary, Hopkins the prompter, doubtful whether it was proper to go through the whole ceremony at that time, walked up softly to her as she lay seemingly dead upon the stage, and whispered, "Madam! Madam!"—"Well, what does the man want?"—"Only, Madam, to know whether you would have the *flourish* now, or *wait for it till night*.

CCXXVI. *Taswell.*

Taswell, the player, was originally bred at Oxford, and designed for the church: but from some of those unaccountable events which decide the fate of characters, he neglected every thing for the stage; a profession that seemed to reject him, as he never could rise above the station of a low comedian. But his humor was *original;* and as a performer, he was not only a favorite, but his jokes bore the currency of the day round Covent-garden.

His wife was (in the technical language of the theatre) a *dresser* and *property woman*; but one evening, in distributing the properties of the play, making some mistake, which he felt in his own character, he said nothing to her, till he got her home, and then thus addressed her:—"Madam, as you are *my wife*, I must *forgive* you this little *faux pas*, but having offended me as *one of the company*, I must chastise you:" which he did corporally.

CCXXVII. *The same.*

On Garrick's reprimanding him one morning for coming late to a rehearsal, he made many awkward apologies about not knowing the time, &c. "Why, have you no watch?" asked Garrick.—"No," growled Taswell.—"What has become of it?"—"It is at the pawnbroker's."—"And how do you contrive to rise, and go about your business?"—"By the cries of the town," said Taswell: "I rise with the old-clothes man, dine with 'dog's meat and cat's meat, ho!' get to the play-house by the milkman, and go to bed by the tune of Hippesly's 'Drunken man' all of which he mimicked in such a whimsical manner, as soon made his best apology with the manager.

CCXXVIII. *The same.*

Having once a green-room wrangle with Mrs. Clive he concluded his remarks upon her by saying, "Madam, I have heard of *tartar* and *brimstone*, and know

the effects of both; but you are the *cream* of one and the *flower* of the other."

CCXXIX. *Havard.*

Havard the actor (better known, from the urbanity of his manners, by the familiar name of Billy Havard) had the misfortune to be married to a most notorious shrew and drunkard. One day dining at Garrick's, he was complaining of a violent pain in his side. Mrs. Garrick offered to prescribe for him. "No, no," said her husband; "that will not do, my dear: Billy has mistaken his disorder; his great *complaint lies in his rib.*"

CCXXX. *Baddely.*

Baddely, who was a good low comedian, particularly in the cast of foreign footmen, had been originally a cook in the royal kitchen; but being constantly dangling about the play-houses, Foote engaged him as one of his company when he opened the Haymarket Theatre, about the year 1761. Many years after this, supposing himself ill used by the manager, he resented it in very lofty language; and told him among other things, "that he had not treated him like a *gentleman.*"—"Like a gentleman!" said Foote in surprise; "how can you be such an ungrateful varlet? when you know I made a gentleman of you, by taking your *spit* from the fire, and *placing it by your side.*"

CCXXXI. *Moody.*

Foote, in walking about his own grounds at North-end one morning with a friend, spied dashing towards them on the Fulham road, two persons in one of those high phaetons so much the vogue of that day. "Is not that Moody," said he, "in that strange *three-pair of stairs phaeton?*"—"Yes," said his friend; "and Mr. Johnson, the stock-broker, with him: and yet I wonder how he can leave his business, for I think this is no holiday."—"Why, no," said Foote; "I think not: except they choose to call this *ascension day.*"

CCXXXII.

Garrick, when he was in Paris, dining at the table of the duke of Nivernois, with Preville the celebrated comic actor, and several distinguished characters, the conversation turned upon the stage; when several compliments were paid Preville on his imitation of a drunken man on horseback. Garrick, excited by a kind of emulation, said "he had himself often occasion to imitate a drunken man on the stage, but never on horseback; he should therefore be very happy to take a lesson from Monsieur Preville. Both these great masters then agreed to give specimens of their art; when the Duke adjudged the prize to Garrick, by saying, "he was not only drunk in his face and ge-

neral manners, but drunker in his *knees* than Preville."

CCXXXIII. *The same.*

During his stay in Paris, he visited the celebrated Madame Clairon. In the course of conversation with her, he asked if she had ever heard the *gamut of the passions?* "No," said she.—"Then I will show you," replied Garrick; and instantly began with his voice and countenance to run over the whole scale and compass of them, in such a manner as delighted and surprised her.

CCXXXIV. *The same.*

It was a remark of his, that as soon as any of his performers set up their carriages, they were immediately followed by bailiffs.

CCXXXV. *The same.*

He was always against the practice of women acting men's parts, and said "it was as unnatural as for men to act women's parts. They might for a time please the million, from many causes very remote from good acting; but to a critical eye they were most ridiculous." When Mrs. Woffington was urged as a contrary example, he said: "No. To be sure, her *Sir Harry Wildair* (from her person, and

her living so much in the habits of men in preference to her own sex) was a great effort; but it was still a *woman's effort*, and not *the character*."

CCXXXVI. *The same.*

One night during the winter before Garrick went to Italy, the cash receipt of Drury-lane Theatre (though he and Mrs. Cibber performed in the same play) amounted to only three pounds fifteen shillings and sixpence!

CCXXXVII. *Difference between a Comedy and a Tragedy.*

It was well enough said by a *natural* critic, that the principal difference between a comedy and tragedy was, that the former generally concluded in a church, and the other in a churchyard.

CCXXXVIII. *Lady Dowager T——.*

The celebrated Kitty D——, who was of the bed-chamber of the late Queen Caroline, was so great a favorite at court, that she formed almost the centre of attraction there. "What can be the reason of this," said a noble Lord one day, addressing Lady T——: "Kitty is neither very young, nor very beautiful, nor in my opinion has she a great deal of wit; therefore what degree of merit has she in causing this general

attraction?"—"Oh! my Lord," said her Ladyship; "Kitty might have the merit of *being willing*."

CCXXXIX. *The same.*

It was well observed by her Ladyship, on what are commonly called *white lies*, that they are very often the *gentlemen-ushers of black ones*.

CCXL. *The same.*

Somebody speaking disrespectfully of the punctilioes of good-breeding and politeness, she observed, "that though they may be sometimes misunderstood, or carried to excess, they were *good screens from many ugly sights*."

CCXLI. *The same.*

The same lady remarked, "that carelessness was little better than a half-way house between accident and design."

CCXLII. *The same.*

She had always a strange opinion of the Bristol family: and used to say, "that Providence seemed to have made three kinds of people instead of two; namely, men, women, and the Harveys."

CCXLIII. *The same.*

When her son, the Marquis of T——, was about to receive an addition to his hereditary honors, he first sent in his adopted title as Marquis of *R——ham* the name of the family seat in Norfolk). On his telling his mother of this circumstance immediately afterwards, she asked him why he should prefer the title of the estate to the *family name:* which was always respectable, and would remain; whereas lands and tenements were perpetually changing masters: repeating the well-known lines of Pope:

"Shades that to Bacon a retreat afford,
"Become the portion of some booby Lord;
"And Hemsley, once proud Buckingham's delight,
"Slides to a scrivener, or a city knight."

His Lordship entered into her ideas; and was just in time at the Herald's-office to make the alteration.

CCXLIV. *The same.*

Seeing the Duke of Newcastle one morning bustling through the levee, "Oh! here comes Newcastle," said she.—"Lord! he seems in a wondrous hurry," said a lady near her.—"Oh! not more than usual, my dear." said the Dowager: "the Duke always appears as if he had lost an hour in the morning, and was looking for it all day long."

CCXLV. *The same.*

A lady railing against the vices of the present times, and asserting that no preceding age was half so profligate, Lady T—— very gravely asked her, "Pray, Madam, what do you think of *Mrs. Potiphar*, and the two *Misses Lot?*"

CCXLVI. *Lady Greenwich.*

Her Ladyship, who was in the habit of taking a great quantity of Havannah snuff, was reproved by an old lady of her acquaintance before her husband (the late Charles Townshend) for using so much of it; "and *you*, Sir," added she, "should be the first to break her of this custom."—"No," said the husband with great coolness, "she may take as much *Havannah* as she pleases, provided she does not follow Lord Albemarle's method*."

CCXLVII. *Mr. Lockman.*

This gentleman, who was a great connoisseur in music, was the composer of that very popular ballad,

* Lord Albemarle, who had a command in the successful expedition against the Havannah, was so ill with the gout during the period of active operations, that he was confined to his bed.

How canst thou, lovely Nancy? &c. which at the time of its publication (1758), and many years afterwards, was the *rage* not only at the public gardens, but of all the young musical people in the three kingdoms. Being at an exhibition of pictures one day, a gentleman with two lovely daughters hanging on his arms saw him sitting in the corner of the room; and, willing to show them the author of a song they so much admired, pointed him out to them. "Oh! where, where, papa?" said the girls eagerly.—"There," said the father, repeatedly pointing to the spot.—"What! that ugly old fright, in the snuff-colored suit of clothes?" said the eldest, fetching a deep sigh: "Oh! I hope not."

CCXLVIII. *Lord Chief Justice Clayton.*

Foote, as has been before observed, took all occasions to illustrate the humor of the Irish character; and, among others, told the following anecdote of Lord Chief Justice Clayton:

This learned judge (an Englishman), on his appointment to the head of the King's Bench in Ireland, understood very little of the laws and customs of that country. He was one day observing to Counsellor Harwood (a celebrated Irish wit), that numerous as the English laws were, one was found to be a *key* to the other: "whereas here," said he "it is just the contrary; as your laws are so continually clashing, that upon my word, at times, *I don't clearly under-*

stand them."—"Very true indeed, my Lord," cried the Counsellor, very gravely: "*that's what we all say.*"

CCXLIX. *Pantomimes.*

Talking of the pantomimes one evening at North-end, Foote gave the following extemporary account of them:

"Aulus Gellius mentions Harlequins in the time of the Romans: and in the eleventh and twelfth centuries the Italian priests invented what they called *a familiar Harlequin;* which met people in cross-roads and solitary places, to frighten them in order to induce them to go a crusading, or to pay for the remission of their sins.

"The players about the middle of the fifteenth century, seeing what a profitable thing the clergy made of Harlequin, took him into their company, and made a species of dramatic entertainment in which he was the principal actor. Rich, the patentee of Covent-garden Theatre, introduced Harlequin into England; and my friend Harry," turning about to Woodward, who sat next to him, "has since identified him as a thorough-bred English character."

CCL. *The Dupe.*

A young man of fashion was complaining to Foote that he had lost a large sum of money at the gaming-

table the night before; and, what was more extraordinary, that he lost it upon twelve casts of a die successively. "Not at all extraordinary," said Foote; "Shakspeare has explained the cause many years ago:

"The earth hath *bubbles*, as the water hath."

CCLI. *Lord Townshend.*

Soon after the charge of an assault was brought against Foote, he was gallanting it with one of the actresses in the green-room, when a gentleman asked Lord T—— who she was. "I don't exactly know her name," said his Lordship; "but I suppose she's one of Foote's *alibis*."

CCLII. *Duchess of Queensberry.*

Horace Walpole dining with the Duchess on her birth-day (when she had just finished her eightieth year) soon after the cloth was removed, he very politely drank her health in a bumper, and added, "May you live, my Lady Duchess, till you begin to grow ugly!"—"I thank you, Mr. Walpole," replied her Grace; "and may you long continue your *taste for antiquities!*"

CCLIII. *The same.*

Pope and Gay complimenting her Grace one day on her great personal and mental accomplishments,

she said, "Aye, gentlemen, all this is very fine and far-fetched, but 'tis nothing after all to my little dust-cart man." This exciting their curiosity, she told them, that soon after she was married, as she was crossing on foot from her house in Albemarle-street to Devonshire-house, dressed in a plain linen gown, and without a footman, she heard a voice repeatedly cry out, "Pretty maid! pretty maid!" At last, turning round to know who addressed her in that familiar manner, she saw a little dust-man in the middle of his cart, who cried out, "Do, my pretty maid, lend me your two fine blue eyes to light my pipe with."

CCLIV. *The same.*

This well-known patroness of Gay pressed George the Second to have Gay's opera of *Polly*, which was meant as a sequel to the *Beggar's Opera*, licensed. The Minister, however, having settled it otherwise, the King put it off from time to time. At last, urging it very strongly one day, she offered to read it to his Majesty *in the closet*, when he would be convinced there were no objectionable passages.—"Oh! my Lady Duchess," said the King, "I shall certainly see you *in my closet* with a great deal of pleasure; but I hope, when we meet there, we shall have better business to do than reading of plays."

ECLV. *Clerical Controversy.*

Dr. H— and Dr. W. sitting after dinner at the house of the latter, the conversation turned on The Divine Legation of Moses. They both seemed to agree in the principles of the book, but differed widely about the meaning of some particular passages. Dr. W— defended, and Dr. H— opposed; and both with a degree of warmth unusual to such friends and philosophers. Mrs. W—ton, during this time, was employed on some needle-work at the lower end of the table; when, raising her eyes with a kind of astonishment, and looking them both full in the face, she exclaimed: "Hey-dey, gentlemen, where is the occasion for all this noise and wrangle; when, to *my certain knowledge*, neither of you believe one single syllable of the matter?"

ECLVI. *Lord Shaftsbury.*

An anecdote, somewhat similar to this, is told of the first Lord Shaftsbury; who, conversing with another gentleman on the great variety of sects in the world, at last concluded with observing, "that notwithstanding this, all men of sense were nearly of the same religion."—"And pray, my Lord," said a niece of Lady Shaftsbury's, who overheard the conversation, "what religion is that?"—"That, my dear," said his Lordship, "men of sense never tell."

CCLVII. *Cheap Living in Scotland.*

Before Foote made his first trip to Scotland, he was inquiring of an old Highlander who had been formerly prompter to the Edinburgh Theatre, about the general condition of the country with respect to travelling, living, habits, manners, &c. of all which the Scot gave him a very minute and favorable account. "You amaze me," said Foote: "why then, I suppose, with about three hundred a year one may live like a gentleman in your country."—"In truth, master Foote," replied his informer, "I cannot tell that; for as I never knew a man who spent *half that sum*, I don't know what may come into his head who would attempt to *squander the whole*."

CCLVIII. *Mrs. Foote.*

This lady was kept so much in the back ground by the gay, licentious, eccentric life of her husband, that little is known of her history; except that she was the very reverse of him. Mildness and forbearance seemed to be the leading features of her character; and these qualities could serve as no lasting checks upon a man of his temper. Implicated, however, as she was, in the fate of her husband, she furnishes the following anecdotes:

Dr. Nash, of Worcester, being in town one spring, not long after Foote's marriage, intended to pay his old fellow-collegian a visit, but was much surprised at

hearing that he was in the Fleet prison. Thither he hastened directly; and found him in a dirty two-pair-of-stairs back room, with furniture every way suitable to such an apartment. The Doctor, shocked at this circumstance, began to condole with him; when Foote cut him short by turning the whole into raillery: "Why, is not this better," said he, "than the gout, the fever, the small-pox, and

"The thousand various ills
"That flesh is heir to?

This is a mere temporary confinement; without pain, and not very uncongenial (let me tell you) to this sharp biting weather: whereas the above disorders would not only give pain *and* confinement for a time, but perhaps ultimately prevent a man from ever going into the world again."

Laughing on in this manner, the Doctor perceived something stir behind him in the bed; upon which he got up, and said he would call another time.—"No, no," said the other; sit down: "'tis nothing but *my Foot*."—"Your foot!" said the Doctor: "well; I want no apologies, I shall call another time."—"I tell you again," said the other, "'tis nothing but *my Foot*; and to convince you of its being no more, it shall speak to you directly." Upon this his poor wife put her head from under the bed-clothes; and with much confusion and embarrassment, made many apologies for her distressed situation.

CCLIX. *The same.*

A connexion formed on such discordant principles, could not be supposed to be either very endearing or permanent. He accordingly, at one time, took it into his head (as he said, "to make her life *more comfortable*") to part from her: but after an absence of some months, his friends remonstrating on the injustice to a woman who had never offended him, an accommodation was brought about; and one Costello (an inferior player belonging to Drury-lane, but one of Foote's laughing *junto*) was commissioned to carry the lady to Blackheath, where her husband then resided.

They were to travel in a one-horse chaise from town; and Costello, who always piqued himself upon being a capital driver, ran so close to a broad-wheeled waggon, as to throw them both into the middle of a ditch; where they were not only well covered with dirt, but the lady had her face much bruised and disfigured.

Mr. Murphy, who was to be one of the party at this reconciliation dinner, arrived soon after; and meeting Foote in the back parlour, asked whether the lady had yet arrived. "Oh yes," said Foote; "you will find her above in the drawing-room: and there you may learn *geography* from her face, as it is a complete map of the world. On one side you may see the *blue mountains;* on the other, the *black forests:* here

the *Red Sea;* and here," (pointing to his forehead) "you may evidently behold the *rocks of Silly.*"

CCLX. *Dr. Benjamin Franklin.*

This celebrated philosopher, though very different in general temper and habits, was not unknown to Foote and his junto, whose wit he often relished as a *seasoning* to deeper thoughts and graver studies.

The Doctor speaking of those early and accidental inducements which lead the mind to particular arts or sciences, gave another testimony to the opinion of Dr. Johnson and others, "that he who would perfect his style, should turn over the pages of Addison by day and by night;" as it was by stumbling accidentally he said, on an odd volume of the Spectator, when a boy, that he was first induced to become a reader, and afterwards a writer. His method, which is given here as no inconsiderable example, was as follows:—

"I was delighted," said he, "with the style of the Spectator; and was desirous, if possible, to imitate it. In order to succeed, I selected some of the papers, made short summaries of the sense of each period, and laid them aside for some days: after which I endeavored, without looking at the original, to recompose the essay; and to express at length each thought as it was in the book, employing only such phrases as occurred to my own mind."

By degrees this plan succeeded; and though he wanted the finished graces of an Addisonian style (and

who has been able to catch them ?), he acquired a familiarity of expression, and a correctness of thinking, which perhaps without this aid he would never have been able to attain.

Swift had strength and precision, Dryden often united elegance to strength, and Bolingbroke was happy in both; but Addison had a grace in writing, with such a well-bred familiarity in expression, independent of his judgment as a critic and a moralist, as rendered him an *unique* among English writers.

CCLXI. *The same.*

Dr. Franklin once examining a boy at the request of his father, relative to the progress he had made in his learning, found him offering *excuses* for almost every thing which he should have done. This he listened to for some time with great patience, and very much to the boy's satisfaction, who thought he had deceived him: at last he said, in his usual grave manner: "I grant you, young gentleman, you have been very *ingenious* in your apologies for not doing your duty; and as such I must report you to your father: but this I must likewise tell him as well as you —that the boy who is *good at excuses*, is generally *good for nothing else*."

CCLXII. *The same.*

When people who had got together a little money in trade, used to be capriciously wishing to live in the

country (without having a single quality or habit to fit them for agriculture, its pursuit, or enjoyment), he would drily ask, "What do you think of the country for?" The answer usually was, "Oh! because I am *tired* of the town."—"And for this reason," replied he, "you want to *re-tire* in the country."

CCLXIII. *The same.*

On the subject of natural and artificial education, he used to tell the following anecdote:—

On the conclusion of some treaty between a party of Indians with the Council of Pennsylvania, the latter offered to the former to educate some of their young men according to the modes of civilized life. The Indians, after duly considering the proposal, declined the offer; asking, at the same time, "What can we get by the exchange of education? You cannot walk so fast, nor so well, as we can. You cannot fight so well, nor are you such good marksmen. Our wants are fewer; our distinctions less: without jealousy, ambition, &c. But as you mean to live friendly with us, we are ready to communicate *these blessings* to you; by educating, from time to time, a number of the young men of your nation."

CCLXIV. *The same.*

When he heard people say "they were tired of a thing," merely through a want of proper persever-

ance, he used to reply, "Well, do as married people do; *tire* and *begin again*."

CCLXV. *The same.*

Franklin's father was a puritan of the old stamp; and with other peculiarities of the sect, was accustomed to precede all his meals with long prayers, and sometimes to say grace over every particular dish. This not agreeing with the impatience of young Franklin's appetite, who was then about eleven years old, he determined to give his father a broad hint. Accordingly, when, at the beginning of winter, he was, as usual, busy in salting provisions for the season, he asked his father, "whether it would not be better to crave a blessing, once for all, on the whole cask of provisions, *then*; as it would be a wonderful saving of time in future."

CCLXVI. *The same.*

His peculiar talent was that of illustrating subjects by opposite anecdotes. When he was agent here for the province of Pennsylvania, he was frequently applied to by the ministry for his opinion respecting the operation of the *Stamp act*; but his answer was uniformly the same, "that the people of America would never submit to it." After the news of the destruction of the stamped papers had arrived in England, the ministry again sent for the Doctor to consult with;

and in conclusion offered this proposal: "That if the Americans would engage *to pay for the damage done in the destruction of the stamped paper*, &c. the Parliament would then repeal the act."

The Doctor, having paused upon this question for some time, at last answered it as follows:—

"This puts me in mind of a Frenchman, who, having heated a poker red-hot, ran furiously into the street, and addressing the first Englishman he met there, '*Hah! monsieur, voulez-vous* give me de *plaisir*, de *satisfaction*, to let me run this poker only one foot into your body?'—'My body!' replied the Englishman: 'what do you mean?'—'*Vel den*, only so far,' marking about six inches. 'Are yo mad?' returned the other; 'I tell you, if you don't go about your business, I'll knock you down.'—'*Vel den*,' said the Frenchman, softening his voice and manner; 'vil you, my good sire, only be so obliging as to pay me for the trouble and *expense* of heating this poker?"

CCLXVII. *The same.*

When any one was proving the fortune and respectability of a number of servants, carriages, &c. the Doctor used to reply, "Well, well; this may be your opinion, and the opinion of many people: but I have not yet learnt that *extravagance* is the criterion of *fortune* or *independence*."

CCLXVIII. *John Home.*

Foote was inclined to think that John Home was not the *sole* author of the tragedy of *Douglas;* as he had often heard from some old members of the Scotch bar, that he was assisted in it by a junto of clever young men, who belonged to a club of which Home was a member, and particularly by the father of the present Lord Minto. This gentleman's subsequent tragedies seem to warrant this opinion.

CCLXIX. *Gulliver's Travels.*

Mr. Fortescue (afterwards Master of the Rolls), when a lawyer on the western circuit, wrote a letter to Mr. Pope in the year 1727, stating that "one Lemuel Gulliver had a cause there, and lost it on the ill reputation he had of being a most notorious liar;" and an Irish judge told some person of Swift's acquaintance very gravely, that "he looked upon the whole of Gulliver's Travels *(whatever other persons might think of them)* to be one continued heap of improbable lies."

CCLXX.* *The same.*

Dr. Arbuthnot says, that Lord Scarborough (who was no inventor of stories) told him, that he happened to be in company with a master of a ship, who said, that "he was very well acquainted with Mr. Gulliver.

but that the printer had made a mistake; for it was at *Wapping* and *not at Rotherhithe*, that the Captain lived."

CCLXXI. *The same.*

In another place Dr. Arbuthnot says: "I lent Gulliver's Travels to an old gentleman to read; who, putting on his 'spectacles, went very deliberately to his map, to look for Lilliput."

CCLXXII. *Pope.*

Foote was of opinion that Pope's learning was rather elegant and superficial than deep and erudite: "and if we believe Voltaire," said he, "he did not undesrtand even the French language; though all his biographers say he made himself master of the French when he removed from Binfield to Hyde-park corner."

This being doubted by some of the company, he turned to a volume of Voltaire; where (in his character of the English writers) he says that "Pope could hardly read French, spoke not one word of the language, nor ever wrote a syllable of it, nor was he capable:" and all this he does not say to lower the poet, whom in other respects he praises most lavishly; but to prove he did not write a letter in French (as he was reported to have done) to Racine the son of the celebrated poet: "for," adds he, "if he did, God must certainly have endowed him with the gift

of tongues, by way of recompence for having composed so wonderful a work as the Essay on Man."

CCLXXIII. *Davenport (the Taylor).*

This man who acquired a considerable fortune with a good character, asked Foote for a motto for his coach. "Latin or English?" asked the wit.—"Poh! English, to be sure; I don't want to set up for a scholar."—"Then I have got one from Hamlet, that will match you to a *button-hole*: '*List! list! oh, list!*'"

CCLXXIV. *Dr. Thompson,*

Who was a celebrated physician in his day, and who was equally remarkable for the *slovenliness* of his person, could not endure the sight of muffins; and in his medical capacity always reprobated them as very unwholesome. On his breakfasting one morning at Lord Melcombe's when Garrick was present, and a plate of muffins being introduced, the Doctor grew outrageous, and vehemently called out: "Take away the muffins! take away the muffins!"—"No, no," said Garrick, seizing the plate; "take away *the ragamuffins.*"

CCLXXV. *Dr. James.*

Dr. James is said to have been indebted for the discovery of the celebrated powder long known by his name, to a German called Swanberg: but such

is generally the fate of original inventors, that the German died almost starving; while James, and many of his successors in the sale of this medicine, rode in their coaches.

CCLXXVI. *The same.*

James being once asked his opinion of the difference between a doctor and an apothecary, replied, "it did not become him to decide on such a delicate point; however, he would tell the company an anecdote which might perhaps elucidate the question.

"A monkey belonging to a gentleman's house in the country, observed the butler one day go into the cellar, take the spigot out of the barrel, draw himself a jug of ale, and then return it into the barrel again. When the butler went away, Jacko, who wished to be *an imitator without the capacity of his original*, drew the spigot out of the barrel; but, *not knowing how to stop it again*, let the beer run all about the place, while he firsked up and down stairs in the greatest fright and confusion imaginable.

CCLXXVII. *Shakspeare.*

Foote was an enthusiastic admirer of this great poet; and frequently, in the course of dramatic conversation, would point out particular beauties which had escaped the research of his commentators. He one day asserted, "that it would not be difficult to find

passages in Shakspeare which are not strictly correct either in sense or grammar, yet carry the meaning so warmly and obviously to every body's mind, as no other words could convey it. This," added he, "was the witchery of the poet; who by the inspiration of his muse, could snatch a grace beyond the reach of art."

CCLXXVIII. *Dr. Goldsmith.*

Every body who knew Goldsmith intimately, must have known that he was no less distinguished as a poet than for the eccentricities and varieties of his character; being by turns vain and humble, coarse and refined, judicious and credulous. In one of his humiliating moments, he accidentally met with an old acquaintance at a chop-house, soon after he had finished his comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer*; and, talking to him upon the subject, requested of him as a friend, and as a critic whose judgment he relied on, that he would give him an opinion of it.

The Doctor then began to tell the particulars of his plot, in his strange, uncouth, deranged manner; which the other could only make out to be, "that the principal part of the business turned upon one gentleman mistaking the house of another for an inn:"—at which he shook his head, observing at the same time that the audience, under their then *sentimental impressions*, would think it too broad and farcical for comedy.

Goldsmith looked very seriously at this, and paused for some time. At last, taking him by the hand, he piteously exclaimed: "I am much obliged to you my dear friend, for the candor of your opinion: but it is all I can do; for, alas! I find that my genius (If ever I had any) has of late totally deserted me."

CCLXXIX. *The same.*

One of the performers of the Haymarket Theatre was observing to Foote, "what a *hum-drum* kind of a man Dr. Goldsmith appeared to be in the green-room, compared with the figure he made in his poetry."—"The reason of that," said he, "is because the *muses* are better companions than the *players*."

CCLXXX. *A good sort of Man.*

"Pray," said a lady to Foote, "what sort of a man is Sir John D.?"—"Oh! a very good sort of man."—"But what do you call a good sort of man?"—"Why, Madam, one *who preserves all the exterior decencies of ignorance*."

CCLXXXI. *Difficulty of one Fool finding out another.*

Laughing at the imbecilities of a common friend one day, somebody observed, "it was very surprising; as Tom D—— knew him very well, and thought him far from being a fool,"—"Ah! poor Tom!" said Foote: "he is like one of those people who eat gar-

lic themselves, and therefore can't smell it in a companion.

CCLXXXII. *Public Subscriptions.*

Foote used to tell the following anecdote of a noble Lord of his intimate acquaintance:—

This nobleman, liberal in his heart, though not possessed of a fortune equal to all its demands, had occasion to call together the leading members in the county of which he was Lord-lieutenant, towards a public subscription. Finding the pulse of the audience not very strong towards it, he began by putting down his own name for *five hundred pounds*. On this his old steward immediately took fire; and, hobbling up to him, whispered, "My Lord, my Lord, are you mad? Why, we have not five pounds in the house." —"I know it, I know it, you old blockhead; go about yonr business:" then raising his voice to the clerk of the meeting, he cried, "Put me down for five hundred pounds."

The liberality of the sum, and from a man of such comparatively small fortune, seemed to incite the whole assembly; and subscriptions poured in apace. Here the matter rested till about a month afterwards; when the collecting-clerk made his best bow to his Lordship, requesting his subscription money. "Subscription from me!" said his Lordship in a surprise: "what! did not I devise the *ways and means* by which you got all this money? and now you want to

drag more out of my own pocket! Why, you unfeeling man, *would you kill your decoy duck?*"

CCLXXXIII. *Dr. Atterbury.*

At the time of Dr. Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, being banished from this kingdom by a decision of the House of Lords, his Lordship's high character as a scholar and a man of taste, and perhaps above all his being a *suffering tory*, induced some of the first persons in the country to propose a subscription for his future support. It was scarcely opened, when it was filled by all the Right Honorables and Honorables of his party, to the amount of *forty-four thousand* pounds; which, with the Bishop's private fortune, was thought a splendid provision. But, alas! all this was but *on paper:* when the *money* came to be paid in, after every endeavor to rouse and stimulate these noble personages to keep their word, the sum actually received was but *two thousand three hundred pounds.*

CCLXXXIV. *The Beggar's Opera.*

When Miss Fenton, the original *Polly* in this celebrated Opera, was taken off the stage by the Duke of Bolton, it created great confusion in the theatre for some time where to find a substitute. At length a Miss Nornia, the daughter of a Jew merchant in the city, was selected for this purpose; who was a great favorite with the public, both from the beauty of her person, and the harmony of her voice.

She was taken off the stage by Lord W— (son of the Minister), under a promise of marriage (as it was said) after his father's death : and on the strength of this promise she lent him three thousand pounds, left her by her father; which sum, through negligence, or some other cause difficult now to be traced, was never repaid her, either during his Lordship's life, or by will at his death. In this distressed situation, Rich the manager, much to the credit of his humanity, took her into his house; where she was kindly and hospitably entertained, and where she continued to the hour of her death, which happened at a very advanced period.

CCLXXXV. *Swift.*

(Anecdotes of him; as related by Foote, Dr. Johnson, the elder Sheridan, and others.)

He made his *debût* in the literary world as a poet, with no success. He wrote Pindaric odes to the King, to Sir William Temple, and to the Athenian Society, which were all very unworthy of his subsequent reputation; but those to the writers of the *Athenian Oracle* (a set of people who rendered themselves objects of notice only by their ignorance in attempting to give solutions to every question, and their credulity in listening to the greatest falsehoods) were equal to the issuing from Grubb-street. The

following is the concluding couplet to a long dull *Panegyric on the Doers of the Athenian Oracle*:—

"You seem almost transform'd to water, flame, and air;
So well you answer all phenomena there."

Dryden, on perusing those verses, is reported to have said: "Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet." However, the fact turned out far otherwise; for though he never afterwards attempted the heroic or Pindaric, perhaps there are few poets in our language whose sense is more compact, and who use so few expletives. He was but twenty-four years of age when he wrote his Pindarics.

CCLXXXVI. *The same.*

He liked Portugal wine better than Champagne, claret, or Burgundy. White port was his favorite liquor, which he always mixed with great quantities of sugar: he generally drank a pint at dinner, and a pint at supper; but latterly only half a pint at each meal. With respect to eating, he was always plain and abstemious. Indeed he says of himself in one of his letters to Stella: "I have had a sad vulgar appetite. I never endure but one dish, nor ever could since I was a boy, and loved stuffing."*

* "On rainy days alone I dine,
Upon a chick, and pint of wine:

CCLXXXVII. *The same.*

Dining one day at Sir A. Acheson's at Market-hill, and the hock being given about in very small glasses, "Come, Mr. Dean," said Sir Arthur, "I'll pledge you in a glass of *hic, hæc, hoc.*"—"No, Sir," replied Swift; "I beg leave to *decline* it: so John," turning round to the servant, "bring me a *hujus*" (hugeous) "glass of *hock.*"

CCLXXXVIII. *The same.*

Riding out one morning in the Strand near Dublin, he met with a parishioner of his well mounted, and began to pay him some compliments on his horse, &c. "All this may be very true, Mr. Dean," said the man; "but still he is not equal to yours."—"To mine!" returned the Dean in surprise: "why, this is but a mere pad, which I keep for exercise."—"Aye, but notwithstanding that," replies the other, "*he carries the best head* of any horse in Ireland."

CCLXXXIX. *The same.*

Swift would never own that he wrote the *Tale of a Tub;* and when George Faulkner, his printer, one

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On rainy days I dine alone,
And pick my chicken to the bone."

SWIFT'S POEMS.

day asked him whether he really was the author of it, "Young man," said he, "I am surprised that you dare ask me such a question."

CCXC. *The same.*

In a conversation with Swift, Pope asked him what the people in Ireland thought of him (Pope). "Why," said Swift, surveying him at the same time, "they think you a *very little man*, but a *great poet*." Pope felt this; and replied with some acrimony, "They think the very reverse of you in England."

CCXCI. *The same.*

Swift makes the following very good excuse for a dull man on leaving a circle of wits: "Sir, I suppose, by the laughing and merriment of the company we have left, there were many good things said. Now, as I never invent a jest myself, so I make it a rule never to laugh at other people's."

CCXCII. *The same.*

Foote was of opinion that, from Swift's intimate knowledge of courts, and the freeness of his observation upon ministers and administrations, a collection of his thoughts upon this subject would form an excellent practical digest of politics.

CCXCIII. *The same.*

On the Day of Judgment.

(Not inserted in his Works.)

With a whirl of thought oppress,
I sunk from reverie to rest.
A horrid vision seiz'd my head;
I saw the graves give up their dead:
Jove, arm'd with terrors, burst the skies;
And thunder roars, and light'ning flies.
Amaz'd, confus'd, its fate unknown,
The world stands trembling at his throne;
While each pale sinner hangs his head:
Jove, nodding, shook the heav'ns, and said:
"Offending race of human kind,
By nature, reason, learning, blind;
You who through frailty stepp'd aside,
And you who never fell—*through pride;*
You who in different sects have shamm'd,
And come to see each other damn'd,
(So some folks told you, but they knew
No more of Jove's designs than you):—
The world's mad business now is o'er,
And I resent these pranks no more;
I to such blockheads set my wit!
I damn such fools? go, go; you're bit."

CCXCIV. *The same.*

(A character of him. Supposed to be written by Counsellor Morgan, an old and intimate acquaintance of his.)

"I was intimate with the Dean in the younger parts of his life; and our acquaintance continued to the end of it. I had a friendship for the man, and a fondness for his wit; but still think that no author has given his character fairly.

"His wit was certainly unbounded. In his writings he had a natural propensity to *humor;* but no man was ever more deficient in *good-humor*. His imagination was quick, but not warm; there was uncommon vivacity in his conceits, but they were for the most part cynical and eccentric. In every thing he said, and every thing he wrote, his pride constantly preponderated: he was not content to acquire admiration; but was arbitrary, and would command it.

"His fondness for satire was so prevalent a passion, that no man who knew him could escape it: even the modest and assuming at times were attacked with equal severity; though not so much with a view to show the weakness of his friends, as to assert the superiority of his own talents. In correcting the ignorant he was unmerciful; in censuring the works of his cotemporaries he was ungenerous and unkind. He expected that every man should consult his humors, while he consulted no man's in return. If he was silent in company, he expected their patience till he spoke; if communicative, he laid claim to an undivided attention.

" His knowledge of men was general; it was not, however, deep nor perfect. He was by no means a master of original principles of action; but rather observed the result, and reported with an appearance of consummate judgment. His poetry, in the main, with all its beauties, is prostituted to the most trifling subjects. His politics were factious in the extreme. He never could forgive the ministry who superseded his friends, because they were not inclined to gratify his unbounded ambition: and hence arose his violent opposition to government; and all the rancorous effusions of a party spirit, by which he inflamed the spirits of the vulgar.

" He affected a contempt for the great, though no man was more gratified by their attention. His writings to his friends have an incomparable beauty of style; but all his epistles to people in a higher sphere are unnatural and labored. From the whole survey of the man, I am inclined to think that, like Rembrandt's figures, he would have been lost in the shadows of his character, if the strength of its light had not relieved him.

CCXCV. *Dr. Barnard.*

Dr. Barnard, the present venerable and respected Bishop of Limerick, (then Dean of Derry,) being in a conversation with Foote, Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and other distinguished characters, Barnard happened to say, " that he thought no man

could improve when past the age of forty-five." Upon this Dr. Johnson, in his usual dogmatical manner, observed, that he (Barnard) was an instance to the contrary; for there was great room for improvement in him, *and wished he would set about it.*

This produced the following elegant *bagatelle* from the former, in the course of the next day; addressed "To Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Co."

I lately thought no man alive,
Could e'er improve past forty-five,
And ventur'd to assert it:
The observation was not new,
But seem'd to me so just and true,
That none could controvert it.

"No, Sir," says Johnson; "'tis not so:
That's your mistake, and I can show
An instance if you doubt it.
You, Sir, who are near forty-eight,
May much improve, 'tis not too late;
I wish you'd set about it."

Encourag'd thus to mend my faults,
I turn'd his counsel in my thoughts,
Which way I should apply it:
Learning and wit seem'd past my reach,
For who can learn when none will teach?
And wit—I could not *buy* it.

Then come, my friends, and try your skill:
You can inform me, if you will,
(My books are at a distance.)
With you I'll live and learn, and then
Instead of books I shall read men;
So lend me your assistance.

Dear knight of Plympton *, teach me how
To suffer with unruffled brow,
And smile serene, like thine;
The jest uncouth, or truth severe,
To such I'll turn my deafest ear,
And calmly drink my wine.

Thou say'st, not only skill is gain'd,
But genius too may be attain'd,
By studious imitation.
Thy temper mild, thy genius fine,
I'll copy till I make thee mine
By constant application.

The art of pleasing teach me, Garrick;
Thou who reverest odes Pindaric
A second time read o'er. †
Oh! could we read thee backward too,
Last thirty years thou should'st review,
And charm us thirty more.

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* Sir Joshua Reynolds.

† Alluding to Garrick, in a whim, reading Cumberland's odes backward.

If I have thoughts, and can't express 'em,
Gibbon shall teach me how to dress 'em
In terms select and terse;
Jones teach me modesty and Greek;
Smith how to think, Burke how to speak,
And Beauclerc to converse.

Let Johnson teach me how to place
In fairest light each borrow'd grace;
From him I'll learn to write:
Copy his clear familiar style;
And, from the roughness of his file,
Grow, *like himself, polite*.

CCXCVI. *Chaplain's Table.*

Foote often dined at this table; of which he was so much the life and spirit, that the late King (who used to have several of our hero's *bon-mots* repeated to him next day at the levee) frequently wished that *etiquette* would permit him to be one of the party. Foote used to tell many anecdotes relative to this table, and among others the following:—

Charles the Second was so pleased with the convivialities of it, that he frequently dined with his Chaplains, and several of the court wits who constantly attended him. However, about the period of shutting up the Exchequer by the advice of Clifford (1672), the royal finances were so low, that in the general scale of retrenchment, he was advised to abolish this

table, and the report gained ground of its being soon put into execution. While this report still prevailed, the King dined there one day; when the Chaplain whose turn it was to say the usual grace, "God bless the King, and the table!" gave it another turn, by exclaiming with great fervor, "God bless the King, and *save* the table!" The King, caught with this stroke of humor, cried out: "God's fish, Doctor! and so it shall be:" and so it continued from that day to the spring of the year 1805, when it was finally abolished.

CCXCVII. *Lord Orford.*

The following letter, not published in any of his works, was written by the late Lord Orford, in answer to a letter of Lady C——n, requesting his opinion of *The Scornful Lady* by Beaumont and Fletcher, since altered to the comedy of *The Capricious Lady*.

"I return your Ladyship the play, and will tell you the truth. At first I proposed just to amend the mere faults of language, and the incorrectness: but the farther I proceeded, the less I found it worth correcting; and indeed I believe nothing but Mrs. Abington's acting can make any thing of it. It is like all the pieces of Beaumont and Fletcher: they had good ideas, but never made the most of them; and seem to me to have finished their plays when they

were drunk, so very improbable are the means by which they produce their *denouement*.

To produce a good play from one of theirs, I believe the only way would be, to take their plan, draw their characters from nature, omit all that is improbable, and entirely re-write the dialogue; for their language is at once hard and pert, vulgar and incorrect, and has neither the pathos of the preceding age, nor the elegance of this. They are grossly indelicate, and yet have no simplicity. There is a wide difference between unrefined and vicious indecency: the first would not invent fig-leaves; the latter tears holes in them after they are invented."

CCXCVIII. *The same.*

(From an Extract of a Letter on the Progress of Tragedy.)

"The excellence of our dramatic writers is by no mean equal to that of the great men we have produced in other walks.

"Theatric genius lay dormant after Shakspeare; waked with some bold and glorious, but irregular and often ridiculous, flights in Dryden; revived in Otway; maintained a kind of placid pleasing dignity in Rowe, and even shone in his *Jane Shore*.

"In Southern it seemed a genuine ray of nature and of Shakspeare; but, falling on an age still more Hottentot, was stifled in those gross and barbarous productions, tragi-comedies. It turned to tuneful non-

sense in *The Mourning Bride;* grew stark mad in Lee; whose cloak, a little the worse for wear, fell on Younge; yet in both was still *a poet's* cloak. It recovered its senses in Hughes and Fenton; who were afraid it should relapse, and accordingly kept it down with a timed but amiable hand: and then it languished."

CCXCIX. *Garrick.*

Garrick's whisper on the stage was most deservedly praised for its being heard through the whole theatre, while the loud declamation of many of his colleagues was occasionally unintelligible. "The reason," replied Garrick, on this being remarked to him, "is, that many of the actors have no idea of *distinctness in their pronunciation*, and forget the lesson of acquiring 'a temperance that may give it smoothness."

CCC. *The same.*

Garrick was one summer travelling in the north of England, when, happening to stop at a very obscure village, he heard the theatrical drum beating about the streets, and saw the principal performer (as was usual in those days) distributing the playbills*. This

* It was the custom about fifty years ago, particularly in the *county* towns of England and Ireland, to announce the play of the day by beat of drum through the principal streets, one of the

was sufficient to induce him to stay the night, in order to see the comedy; which was *The Recruiting Officer*. He accordingly wrapped himself up in his great coat, to avoid being known: and, after having paid his shilling, seated himself in the pit; quite secure, he thought, from all eyes but his own. The actors however, were better informed: as on one of the company recognizing him, it was unanimously determined in the green-room to return him his admission money; and the manager immediately waited on him for that purpose. Garrick, seeing the man approach, asked him, with some surprise, what was the matter?—"Only to return you your money, Sir,"—"What!" said Garrick; "is it a bad shilling?"—"Oh, dear! no, Sir, replied the other; "but we make it a rule *never to take any money from one another*."

CCCI. *The same.*

On the same scale of acquaintance, a performer once told him, "that he often had the honor of playing in the same scene with him."—"With me?" said Garrick in some surprise: "I really don't recollect

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performers attending to distribute the bills. It was likewise usual then, and long after that period, for the actresses to wait upon the principal ladies in town with bills for their benefit-nights, and return their acknowledgments afterwards in sedan-chairs.

it. Pray, what particular part was it?"—"The *Cock* in *Hamlet*, Sir."*

CCCII. *Mrs. Pritchard.*

This lady was so very natural an actress, and was so powerfully affected by her feelings, that she seldom retired from any great tragic part without being in some degree affected by a stomachic complaint.

CCCIII. *The same.*

It is generally thought that Mrs. Pritchard died of a mortification in her foot; but it is now known, on respectable authority, that her death was principally occasioned by a broken heart. She retired from the stage on the death of a relation who died intestate, and to whom she thought herself heiress; it was likewise universally considered so for a time, and letters of administration were taken out by her for that purpose: but just as she was extending her expenses for the enjoyment of this large fortune, another claimant appeared; who proved himself to be the nearest legal heir, and who consequently obtained the property.

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* It was formerly the custom of the stage to employ a man behind the scenes to imitate the crowing of a cock in the ghost-scene in Hamlet; but this being often executed unskilfully, it threw an air of ridicule on the performance, and the custom was abolished

CCCIV. *The late Lord Halifax.*

It being proposed to this nobleman to solicit the hand of Miss Drury, one of the greatest fortunes in England at that time, he declined it, and she afterwards married Lord B—k—shire: upon which Foote said of Lord Halifax (who was rather a dissipated man), "that he preferred the *hundreds* of *old Drury* to the *thousands of modern Drury*."

CCCV. *Peter Corneille.*

The following extract of a letter, dated 1679, was found some years ago among a bundle of loose papers belonging to a family at Rouen, who he lived in intimacy with, and were related to, that celebrated poet.

"I saw yesterday our worthy relation and friend M. Corneille. Though he is now seventy-three years of age, he is as well as can be expected at that time of life. We went out together in the afternoon; and passing through the street of *la Parchamineric*, he was obliged to stop, and go into a cobler's stall, to have one of his shoes mended, which had just burst. We both sat on the bench while the man was doing it; and when he had finished, M. Corneille gave him three small pieces of money, the only ones (I believe) he had in his pocket.

"At our return home, I offered him my purse; which he refused, and absolutely rejected the propo-

sal I made of dividing the contents of it between us. On taking leave of him, I could not help shedding tears at the unhappy condition of so great a man."

CCCVI. *Intuition, and Sagacity.*

Of the difference of those two qualities (the one being immediate in its effect, and the other acquiring a circuitous process) Foote said the former was the *eye*, the latter the *nose*, of the mind."

CCCVII. *The Robin Hood.*

A person observing to Foote that there was better oratory occasionally at the Robin Hood, when Jekup the baker was president of that society, than there was in the House of Commons: "No doubt of it," said Foote; "as people go to the *House of Commons* for *bread*, but to the *baker* merely for *oratory*."

CCCVIII. *The Use of Grammatical Learning.*

An author left a comedy with Foote for perusal; and on the next visit asked for his judgment, with rather an ignorant degree of assurance. "If you looked a little more to the grammar of it, I think," said Foote, "it would be better."—"To the grammar of it, Sir! What! would you send me to school again?"—"And pray, Sir," replied Foote very gravely, "would that do you any harm?"

cccix. *Clerical Boots.*

A Clergyman in Essex, not much celebrated as a preacher, used to wear boots generally on duty; and gave as a reason for it, "that the roads were so *deep* in some places, that he found them more convenient than shoes"—"Yes," said Foote: "and, I dare say, equally convenient in the pulpit; for there the Doctor is generally *out of his depth* too."

cccx. *The Cause of a Play being damned.*

A foreigner being present at a musical piece which was damned the first night of its performance, asked Foote who the author was. Being told that his name was *St. John*, he asked again, "*St. Jean, St. Jean, quel St. Jean?* (St. John, St. John, what St. John?") —"*Oh, Monsieur!*" cried Foote; "*le gentlehomme sans la tête.* (Oh, Sir! the gentlemen without a head)."

cccxi. *The Man-trap.*

Foote, who had all qualities of humor about him, and sometimes would not let truth stand in the way of his joke, was one day, after dinner, apologizing to his company for not giving them pine-apples in the desert; "but," added he, "that confounded fellow of a next-door neighbor of mine comes over the garden wall at night, and steals all my pines."—"What! my

Lord B——'s brother?"—"Yes; no less a man I assure you: and I have got his great-toe in my man-trap at this instant."—"Oh! it is impossible," said one of the company, "you are surely *humming* us."—"Nay, I will convince you of it in a moment." Here he called up his gardener: and turning to him with great gravity, asked him what he had done with the Honorable Mr. S——t's great-toe. "The toe, Sir?" said the gardener, not being at first prepared for the question.—"Yes, the toe which you found in my man-trap this morning."—"Oh, yes! the toe," catching the joke: "why, to tell you the truth, Sir, it stunk so horridly, that I threw it out about an hour ago."—"You should not have done that," said one of the company, taking the story as a fact; "you should have kept it to expose him."—"No, no," said the wit; "'tis better as it is; consider how the keeping of such a *toe* must have disgraced a *Foot*."

CCCXII. *Inscription on a Pane of Glass.*

A silly young woman of fashion having inscribed on a pane of glass, at the inn at Staines, the following words:—"Dear Lord D——has the *softest* lips of any man in England;" Foote, coming into the room soon after, wrote underneath:—

"Then as like as two chips
"Are his *head* and his *lips*."

CCCXIII. *A Formal Man.*

A friend speaking of a *formal man* of their mutual acquaintance, observed in his defence, that "notwithstanding a little stiffness, there were times when he could be very familiar."—"Yes," said Foote; "but then it is *a full-dress familiarity.*"

CCCXIV. *Newgate.*

Some improvement being made near St. Sepulchre's church, by the erection of a new compter, a person observed how convenient it would be from its *correspondence* to Newgate. "I dislike it for that very reason," said Foote; "because it is encouraging a *criminal correspondence.*"

CCCXV. *The Faro-Bank.*

A gentleman having lost his money at a faro-bank, where he suspected the *lady* of the house, he communicated his suspicions to Foote; who comforted him by saying, "that he might depend upon it, 'twas all *fair* play."

CCCXVI. *Giving Warning.*

Foote calling upon a gentleman of the law who did not live happily with his wife, the servant maid soon afterwards came into the room to look for her mistress. "What do you want your mistress for?"

asked the Barrister. "Why indeed, Sir, to tell you the truth, she scolds me so from morning to night, I come to give her warning."—"What then you mean to leave us?"—"Certainly, Sir," said she shutting the door after her. "Happy girl!" exclaimed Foote; "I most sincerely wish your poor master *could give warning too.*"

CCCXVII. *Uncertainty of the Law.*

Foote used to tell a saying of an old officer in the court of Chancery, who had it from his uncle (his predecessor in the same office for forty years,) that "if there was any thing which Providence could be supposed to be ignorant of, it was *the event of a Chancery suit.*"

The late Lord Chancellor Roslyn, when Mr. Wedderburne, in a letter addressed to Mr. Andrew Stuart in the great cause depending between Douglas and the Duke of Hamilton, speaks on the same subject thus: "My ideas of justice are a little perplexed by this decision: and I consider it as a striking example, among many others, that no cause is either *certain* or *desperate.*"

It is likewise told of Lord Hardwicke, that the cause in which he had his first brief in the Court of Chancery as a Barrister, he decided as Lord Chancellor towards the close of his continuance in office.

CCCXVIII. *Apology for Absence.*

A conceited young man asking Foote what apology he should make for not being one of the party the day before to which he had a card of invitation; "Oh, my dear Sir!" replied the wit; "say nothing about it: *you were never missed.*"

CCCXIX. *Boyce.*

Boyce the poet, and co-temporary of Johnson and Foote, was so miserably poor at one time, that he was obliged to lie in bed for want of clothes; and when a friend, hearing of his distressed situation, sent him a guinea, he instantly laid out a crown of it for mushrooms and truffles, to garnish a slice of roast beef, which he ate in bed.

It was of this unhappy man, that Dr. Johnson replied, on being asked which was the best poet, Boyce or Derrick? "How can I appreciate the difference between a flea and a louse?"

CCCXX. *George Stevens.*

Mr. Stevens and a literary party being in the habit of visiting Cambridge for many years during the long vacation, Dr. Johonson asked him how they generally amused themselves there. "Why, Sir," said the other, "we read or walk in the morning, meet at din-

ner, go to the play at Stirbitch fair in the evening, and then drop in at one of the booths, and pick up the *left* leg of a goose."—"And pray, Sir," said Johnson, "what peculiar excellence is there in the *left* leg of a goose?"—"Oh! a great deal, when it happens to be the only *leg left*."

CCCXXI. *Slovenly Author.*

A poor author, who was never remarkably clean in his person, dining with Foote, Lord K——, who happened to be at table, was complimenting him on his last performance. "Oh, my Lord!" said Bayes, "now you are *ironing* me."*—"Not he, indeed," said Foote; "for if his Lordship meant to do that, he certainly would have *washed you first*."

CCCXXII. *Personation.*

On the morning before he set out for Dover, an old performer belonging to the Haymarket Theatre called to take leave of him. "Well," said Foote, "what's the matter with you this morning, you look so ruefully?"—"Why, I dont know how it is, but I find I'm not *myself* to-day."—"No! then I heartily wish you joy; for though I don't know *who you are now*, you must certainly be *a gainer by the change*."

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* A cant word then used for exercising irony towards any person.

The last flash of his wit he played off on the *cook at Dover*, as we have already mentioned in the course of these Memoirs; thus closing his real, like his dramatic character:

"*Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet.*"

THIS miscellaneous collection might have been extended to a much greater length, but for a consciousness that many anecdotes and repartees, however entertaining or brilliant in the hilarity of conversation, may not meet the cooler judgment of the public with strict propriety. Enough has probably been given to exhibit with justice the character of this very extraordinary man; and to add credit to the prediction of our great moralist, that "his chasm will not be readily filled up in society."

A

LETTER FROM MR. FOOTE

TO THE

REVEREND AUTHOR

OF THE

"REMARKS, CRITICAL AND CHRISTIAN,"

ON THE

MINOR.

Tàntæne animis cœlestibus iræ? VIRGIL.
Tant de fiel entre-t-il dans les ames des devots?

SIR,

THOUGH no man can have a higher reverence for that order among us, to which you lay claim, than myself, yet the jargon of the Tabernacle has so perverted the common meaning of words, that I am extremely puzzled in what manner to address you; it being impossible to determine from the title you assume, whether you are an authorized pastor or a peruke-maker: a real clergyman or a corn-cutter. But as I think a few faint traces of a liberal education may be discerned in your pamphlet, I shall make no scruple to treat you with a respect you have thought fit to deny me.

Your title-page, I think, promises a series of remarks, critical and christian, on the *Minor*; to these give me leave to add a third species of criticism, frequently to be found in your pamphlet; which, as it appears to me to want the judgment of the critic, and the candor of the christain, we will venture to call *remarks methodistical*. This kind of argumentation has in one circumstance a visible superiority over every other; for though the schools are divided, whether the Socratic or Aristotelic be the *optimus methodus*, they will all concur in allowing this to be the *pessimus methodus veritatem investigandi*.

In this last order I consider the terms of obloquy with which you have bespattered the *Minor* in your title:—"A certain droll or interlude called the *Minor*; played, as is said, by authority." Authority! ay, authority! What! do you suppose that I play as you preach, upon my own authority? No, Sir, a religion turned into a farce is, by the constitution of this country, the only species of the Drama that may be exhibited for money without permission. But to return.

A droll or interlude among the Greeks, I take to have been one function of the chorus; and with us at the Theatres it is the dance, in Tottenham-court-road, the ballad or musical entertainment, which fills up the space between the different parts of the performance. Now, this office the *Minor* did not execute, being himself the subtantial standing dish, and having the honor of that kind of garnish to at-

tend him.—Now as to the *Minor's* being a droll: droll is a vague expression; I conceive it means a species of writing, which those who speak with propriety would choose to distinguish by the name of farce; a kind of theatrical, not dramatic, entertainment, always exhibited at fairs, and too frequently produced at playhouses: a sort of hodge-podge dressed by a Gothic cook, where the mangled limbs of probability, common sense, and decency, are served up to gratify the voracious cravings of the most depraved appetites: this I call farce.

Comedy, on the other hand, I define to be an exact representation of the peculiar manners of that people among whom it happens to be performed; a faithful imitation of singular absurdities, particular follies, which are openly produced, as criminals are publicly punished, for the correction of individuals, and as an example to the whole community. This is, Sir, one of the happy points, which every comic author should have in view, and is distinguished by the Roman critic as the *utile:* the other point, the *dulce*, I conceive to be the fable, the construction, machinery, conduct, plot and incidents of the piece: in short, Sir, the vehicle, which is to render the wholesome physic of reproof palatable to the squeamish patient.

If this be a right definition, or, if you please, description of comedy, it is not the extent, but the objects of a piece, that must establish its title: a poem of one act may prove an excellent comedy, and a play of five a most execrable farce. I have troubled you with this

distinction, as I cannot, even from your own strictures, collect any reason for your calling the *Minor* a farce, unless its being confined within the limits of three acts. I should hope the characters it contains are not strained above the modesty of nature, nor the employment I have given them, unsuitable to their rank, or inconsistent with their situation.

Having thus rescued my title from your rage, we will, in your own order, first consider your critical, and then your christian remarks.

You set out with accusing me of reviving the ancient comedy. But in this charge you are, Sir, at once erroneous and unjust. You err in your notions of the nature of the ancient comedy; and are unjust in attributing its revival to me, when at the same time honor is solely due to the reverend gentleman whose advocate you are: but for the better determining this question, let us consider where the specific difference lies between the ancient, middle, and modern comedy.

The ancient comedy was a representation of real persons and facts; in the middle comedy the persons were real, and the facts feigned; in modern, both the persons and the facts were fictitious. Now, Sir, though in the *Minor* you may call some of the characters real, yet you must at least allow the fable to be an invention: that piece, therefore, wants just half its construction to be ranked in the order of ancient comedies.

But let us on the other hand consider the claims of *your hero* for a niche near Thespis in the temple of Apollo; and for this purpose we will examine one of his pieces, to which I was a spectator. The piece is pretty well known; and, after the manner of Aristophanes and Plautus, we will distinguish it from the principal incident by the name of *Mutton* a comedy.

As an introduction to this entertainment, we were told by the chorus or prologue, that the persons were then living, that the dialogue really happened between them, and that catastrophe of the leg of mutton and turnips was a literal fact. In this composition, you see, Sir, we have at once every member of the ancient comedy. The method of declaiming, or conveying it too, was precisely after the Greek, in recitative; and though we had not the accompaniment of the *tibiæ dextræ* and *sinistræ*, yet a melodious nasal twang, produced by an orchestra of old women, who surrounded the actor, amply supplied that deficiency. To this when I add, that, after the manner of Thespis, the piece was exhibited in a cart upon a common, not a single doubt can, I think remain.

"Dicitur et plaustris vexisse poemata Thespis."

Perhaps the critics may object to the divine machinery of this piece, as believing the leg of mutton might have been produced with propriety enough by natural means.

"Nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus."

But as the model of the *Mutton* was produced previous to the existence of Aristotle or Horace, it would be absurd in a professed imitator of that model to be directed by their rules from this disquisition; then, Sir, the earnest inclination your reverend friend always shows to display his abilities in a cart, even though it be with a criminal at Tyburn, I think we may venture, without any impeachment of our understanding, to pronounce him the real restorer of the ancient Thespian cart comedy; to him, therefore, *lidenter palmam do.*

Your next Anathema is thundered out against one Aristophanes, a certain Greek comic poet, whose disciple you pronounce me to be; and to the unbounded license of whose execrable farces, produced and fostered by the corruption and depravity of the age, the untimely death of that excellent citizen and inimitable philosopher Socrates was owing. As to any resemblance you think you have discovered between my little piece and the works of that great master, I am too much flattered with the comparison, to think of pointing out your mistake; I leave that task to my enemies. But from what quarter did you collect the rest of your materials? You must have either lost your historical knowledge, or have sucked from some impure stream with which you would pollute the brightest period the world ever saw. This was the æra when the attic genius triumphed; when its liberty was pure and virtuous; when a citizen would have gone from a conference with Socrates to an oration

from Demosthenes: and have closed his evening with the Electra of Sophocles, the Phædra of Euripides, the moral scenes of Mænander, or the sprightly comic muse of Aristophanes. Then flourished Plato, Xenophon, Aristotle, Isocrates, Thucydides, and Eschylus; men born to enlighten the human mind, and diffuse the glory of their country to latest posterity. No, Sir; the sacrifice of Socrates was reserved for the age of bigotry and abject slavery; when Lysander had changed the constitution of Athens from a democracy to an aristocracy; when the thirty rulers had established an absolute tyranny. "The clouds obscure the brightest star of the Achaian firmament." Why, Sir, that piece was exhibited in the eighth year of the Peloponesian war, at least twenty-six years before the death of Socrates. Could a little slight harmless raillery, at what perhaps were foibles in the character of that great man, have excited such an inflammation in the minds of the multitude? It must have been at the time when Socrates was upon the spot, in the very Theatre where he had been drawn to make a discovery of his own imperfections with a declared resolution to amend them. But the real truth is, Sir, Socrates fell for the very fact which you charge as a crime upon Aristophanes; for his free spirited, and personal invectives against Critias one of the thirty rulers. The resentment of that tyrant, joined by the hatred the public bore Socrates for having been the instructor, the preceptor, of that very Critias, were the unhappy,

only instruments that closed, before his time, the eyes of that first of philosophers.*

It is now, I think, pretty clear that the middle, or the comedy of Eupolis, Cratinus, and Aristophanes, flourished at Athens when that republic was at its highest pitch of perfection for virtue, arts, and arms; that with the Athenian liberty, fell the attic spirit and elegance: and that the comic muse enjoyed the fullness of her natural freedom till the principal citizens grew too wicked to hear their faults, and too hardened to mend them.

"Then fell Thalia, nerveless, cold, and dead."

But before I quit this subject, I must produce you an authority or two to the honor of those greater writers whom you have thought fit to distinguish by the

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* Notwithstanding the distance of time between Socrates being ridiculed by Aristophanes, and his condemnation by the thirty tyrants; and notwithstanding the charge on which he was ostensibly condemned—that of aspersing the religion of his country—yet it is thought by the best critics, that his judges would not have dared to attack so moral a character under such garbled pretences, were it not *that he was previously re dered ridiculous to the mass of the public by Aristophanes;* and what followed confirms this opinion, which was, that soon after the death of this virtuous man, the public recovering their senses, sacrificed his accusers to their vengeance, bewailed their own besotted ignorance, and paid every degree of veneration and respect to his memory—H.

name of "farcical ribalds." Horace thinks it an infinite praise to Lucilius, that he had successfully copied those poets, though but in a part of their merit.

"Hinc omnis pendit Lucilius, hosce sequutus
Mutatis tantum pedibus, numerisque facetus;
Emunctæ naris, durus componere versus,
Nam fuit hoc vitiosus. HOR. Sa. 4.

And Quintilian speaking of the middle comedy, observes, "Etsi in insectandis vitiis præcipua, plurimum tamen habet virium in cæteris etiam partibus; nam et grandis, et elegans, et venusta, et nescio an ulla (post Homerum) aut similior sit oratoribus, aut ad oratores faciendos aptior. Plures ejus auctores, Aristophanes tamen et Eupolis, Cratinusque, præcipui." Quin. lib. x. cap. 1.

Now, Sir, explain these passages to your reverend friend, and learn both of you to treat characters of such respect, and with whom you have so slight an acquaintance, with more manners and modesty.

But to proceed. Your parallel between the Tabernacle Saint and Socrates, at first, I own, greatly surprised me; there appearing to my weak capacity about as much affinity between the two men as between Hippocrates, the father of medicine, and G. Rutter, the cleaner of teeth. But upon a closer inquiry, I have discovered what will make the very hassocks at the Tabernacle, like the chairs in Dioclesian, jump for joy.

In short, then, Sir, (there is no disguising or palliating the fact), Socrates, the divine Socrates, was, to all intents and purposes, an absolute methodist; fatally for himself, a deluded frantic methodist.

Strange as this assertion may appear, to what other sect can we apply his repeated declaration of being under the immediate influence of a demon, or familiar, that he had a voice within him that urged him to an action, or restrained him from it?

Plutarch gravely relates an instance of this philosopher's delusion, every way worthy the journals of our modern methodist.—Socrates, walking with his friends at Athens, refused passing through a certain street, alleging that he was forbid by his familiar: but some of the company still persisting, what was the consequence? a drove of dirty pigs furiously brushed by, and foully contaminated all their holiday clothes. Now, seriously speaking, with equal show of reason, might not Socrates have paid his adoration to the clouds, as dethrone the gods of his country to make room for such a paltry finical deity as this same familiar? To instances like these, and the frivolity of some of his physical researches (which Aristophanes ridicules by introducing him measuring the jumps of a flea), Socrates is indebted for his personal appearance on the attic theatre.

Had Socrates been as sincere as he was manly and sensible in his declaration of being amended by the lectures of his comic countrymen, his judges would not have been told by him in the last and most im-

portant scene of his life, that he came unprepared with a defence, having been checked by his familiar whenever he attempted to frame it; but notwithstanding these shades (which we must attribute to human infirmity) in the portrait of Socrates, no man can have a higher veneration for the brighter and more finished part of his picture.—I do not indeed lament with you his not having been a christian, nor impute it to the vice of his education; for let that have been as it would, there seems to be an almost insuperable obstacle to his ever joining in one communion with us, viz. that he died in the ninety-fifth Olympiad, just three hundred and ninety-nine years before CHRIST was born.

Your next remark, I think, was upon the cruelty and indecency of producing your friend * at the Theatre on the score only of a mere natural infirmity; an inconsiderable weakness in the optic nerve; which, instead of retaining the eyes in the reciprocal direction they are generally placed in, lets them loose to run rambling about the head. This criticism you sustain by an observation of my own, that provincial dialects are not the proper objects of comedy; and if not dialects, surely much less natural infirmities. Granted.

But if men, with these infirmities, will attempt things which those very infirmities have rendered

* Whitfield; supposed to be alluded to in the character of DOCTOR SQUINTUM.—E.

them incapable of properly executing, it is their own fault if the source that should acquire them compassion, degenerates into a fountain of ridicule. My Lord Lanesborough's gout would have hardly found a place in Mr. Pope's page, if it had not hobbled a minuet at court; nor should Dr. Squintum have shown the whites of his eyes at the Haymarket, if he had confined his circumspection to the tap-room of the Bell at Gloucester; or, after his admission to the ministry, modestly submitted to the decent duties of a country cure. But if, in despite of art and nature, not content with depreciating every individual of his own order; with a countenance not only inexpressive, but ludicrous; a dialect not only provincial but barbarous; a deportment not only awkward, but savage; he will produce himself to the whole public, and there deliver doctrines equally heretical and ungrammatical, he must expect to have his pretensions to oratory derided, his sincerity suspected, and the truth of his mission denied.

A word more on this subject, if you please. One great superiority of the christian religion over every other institution, and at the same time an incontestable proof of its divine origin, is, I believe you will allow, the rationality of its principles. Its doctrines are not calculated to captivate the passions, but inform the understanding; not framed for conquest but conviction.

How then should this system be submitted to the mind for its assent: with a modesty candor and mo-

deration, resembling its own simplicity; or with bigotted, intemperate, furious zeal, which can only become the tripod of the delphic oracle, or the celebration of the frantic feasts of Bacchus? M. Voltaire, in his *Letters on the English Nation*, has bestowed a brilliant panegyric on the decent declamation and demeanor of the protestant divines, when opposed to the inflated boisterous *capucinades* of the ministers in the Gallican church. To his judicious observations I shall therefore refer you.

But you might, my good Sir, have given a much better reason than a natural infirmity for your friend's not appearing at the Theatre in the Haymarket, and have taken it from my word too. Being pressed in the introduction to *The Minor*, for an imitation of the actors, I declined the task, by urging, that to render them ridiculous in their profession, might, in its consequences, prove prejudicial to their purses. Now, after this declaration, I am not quite clear that I ought to have taken the liberty I did with my brother Squintum.

You, in the next place, Sir, affirm (with and intrepidity, which, considering your avowed ignorance in dramatic productions, is a little astonishing), that Mr. Foote, among the moderns, is the only man who has produced real characters upon the stage.

What think you of a countryman of ours, one Shakspeare? In travelling through his page, did you never meet with a boorish, illiterate, trifling, tedious country justice, called *Shallow?* Have you never

heard that this man's real name was *Lucy?* and that his inflexible severity to our author, for a venial slip in his youth, procured him a seat in the temple of folly, "condemned to everlasting fame?"

Perhaps too, Sir, before you became so totally spiritualized, you might have read, that in a neighboring kingdom there did exist, during the reign of Lewis XIV, a certain eminent poet and player, called, *Jean Baptist Molière.* To this knowledge give me leave to add a little further information; that the said poet did produce a most excellent comedy called *Tartuffe;* the subject of which is false devotion, or religious hypocrisy; that the principal character was so strongly marked, as to be notoriously known for one of the first magistrates of the kingdom.* This comedy still continues an ornament to the French theatre. But had comedy been silent in these latter times on personal failings, surely satire has exerted her voice. Has Pope or Dryden spared manners or men? Has la Bruyère or Boileau, though the slaves of arbitrary power, been more civil to sinners? "Ay, but they attacked vices!" Are follies then more sacred than vices? Are men less ashamed of being wicked than absurd?

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* This piece of Molière's is mentioned as well on account of its subject as personality; but we might add, that there is scarce a single play of his but has a real living character. The *Cocu Imaginaire.* M. de Montausier in the *Misantrope.* The Duke de Feuiliade in the *Critique* on *l'Ecole des Femmes, &c.*

And are you really puzzled for the precise meaning of the word enthusiasm? Why, then, I will give it to you; but take this by the way, that the term was never applied by me to the leader of the methodists, but to his deluded disciples only; for the very essence of an enthusiast is, that though mistaken he is sincere; though erroneous, he is in earnest.

Enthusiasm in divinity is a kind of a religious phrensy, that mistakes the dictates of an inflamed imagination, the vapours of a troubled brain, the effects of an immediate inspiration. Nor is it material that the enthusiast should think himself the person inspired; if his distempered judgment bestows the same attribute on any other individual, his delusion is equally the same; you have now my reason for distinguishing, in this place, the pastor from his flock.

Enthusiasm in arts, is that effort of genius, that glow of fancy, that ethereal fire, which, at particular times, transports the artist beyond the limits of his usual execution, and produces a height of perfection, which, in his cooler hour, is astonishing even to himself. Nor is this Promethean heat, this divine fervor, confined to any particular subject; but is as discernible in a Hudibras as a Milton; in the comic pencil of a Hogarth, as the serious designs of a Raphael. With this last kind of enthusiasm the methodists have little to do; and indeed it very rarely falls out that they who are possessed by the one are happy in the enjoyment of the other.

You seem to think, Sir, that the loyalty of your favorite pastor should screen his ignorance, and shelter his imposition. Why, though it may appear a little surprising, that a priest, who has thrown off all obedience and subjection to his legal directors, in religious concerns, should own any superior in temporal ones; yet, surely, there can be no great merit in an attachment to that government, whose title he has not only acknowledged, but by the most solemn and repeated obligations, engaged himself to support.

I did not, indeed at first conceive of what consequence to the public your friend's political creed could be, till you yourself have given me a most alarming reason. Twenty thousand men are, it seems, ready to take the field, whenever their spiritual guide shall give the word of command. I am very sorry, Sir, that any such power should be lodged in other hands than where the constitution has thought proper to place it, but more especially in *such* hands. The Asiatick impostor subjugated almost all the East with less than half that number of men; but as I suppose this declaration will be canvassed in another place, and, if true, its consequences properly guarded against, I shall refer it to their consideration, to whom it more immediately belongs.

But as we are fond of the most trifling anecdotes relative to the lives or principles of men eminent in their generation, give me leave to treat you with the

fortunate cause that first fixed your friend in the interest of the present establishment.

The county of Gloucester was, during the infancy of our hero, divided into two political parties; his mother, who then presided at the Bell, a principal inn in the metropolis of the province, a thrifty, worldly woman, determined, if possible, to conciliate the favor of each party. To this purpose she made both her sons subservient almost as soon as they were born; the eldest (who now keeps the Bell) she christened James, in honor of the Pretender; her next (who now keeps the Tabernacle) she christened George, in compliment to the late King. Their education and employments were suited to their several appellations: George, from waiting behind the chairs of the loyalists, became a zealous whig; and James, from a constant attendance on the liberal potations of the disaffected, became a rigid jacobite. I do not give entire credit to the report, that the invention of soaping the tops of the pewter pots to diminish the liquor and increase and sustain the froth, was the invention of our hero; nor that the conversion of the bident into a trident, by which, instead of two, you chalk three for one, can be attributed to him: I have besides heard his mother frequently declare that he was a dull, stupid heavy boy, totally incapable of their business. Nor is the tradition of my landlady's dreaming, during her pregnancy with our hero, that she was brought to-bed of a tinder box, which, from a collision of the flint and steel made by the midwife, conveyed certain

sparks to the adjoining cathedral, and soon reduced it to ashes, a bit less fabulous; this is a fiction, circulated by his bigoted followers as denoting the total subversion of the established church by his means, but it has no foundation.

I think, Sir, I have now pretty well foiled the force of your critical remarks, by proving, that the *Minor* is neither an interlude, droll, or species of the ancient comedy; that Socrates received no other injury from Aristophanes, than a laughing rebuke, for follies that fully deserved it; that men, with natural infirmities, when they attempt things those very infirmities have rendered them incapable of executing, are fit objects for satire; that your friend is that object; that a comedy's being local or temporary, is so far from being a moral or critical fault, that it constitutes its chiefest merit, and that the exhibition of real characters has been the practice of the first poets in the most polished and enlightened times. We now come to your christian observation, which I flatter myself we shall find full as feeble as your critical.

The first object of your indignation is the stage in general; you condemn it, as being of pagan original. —So are sculpture, painting, and not only all the elegant, but most of the useful arts.

But you say they were exhibited in honor of their demons.—If by their demons you mean, as they did, their gods, you are right enough. And where could they better employ it? To these people you would surely permit *some* religious worship; but

you will insist that they all ought to have been christians, though dead before Christ came into the world.

That pagans who had no regard to virtue, abominated Theatres, as seminaries of vice.—Who were these pagans? And when and where did they live?

That the diversions of the stage, though at first encouraged, were afterwards discountenanced by the Greeks and Romans.—Just the contrary is true. Plays were in such estimation in Greece, that the exhibition of the tragedies of Sophocles alone cost the Athenian state more than the whole Peloponesian war: and the profession of the stage was at that time so far from contemptible, that even their ambassadors were selected from the body of the players. They were not, indeed, in equal repute at Rome; for the same reason that, in the decline of the empire, the practice of the bar fell into disgrace; because the professors of both became mercenaries; but still the dramatic authors had a Scipio, a Lælius, a Mæcenas, an Augustus, for their patrons; and to sum up all these names in one, the actors had a Cicero for their friend.

The Romans were so far from discountenancing dramatic performances, that one of the fathers you have quoted, St. Augustine, observes, that four hundred and thirty-six years after Christ the Theatres began to be closed in the great towns of Italy, owing to the incursions of the Goths and Vandals. *Nisi fortè hinc sint tempora mala, quia per omnes civitates cadunt Theatra.* And Cassiodorus, who wrote A. D. 520,

almost a hundred years after St. Austin, mentions in several of his letters, that the Theatres were open still at Rome, so that in all probability the play-houses were not totally shut till the sack of Rome by Totila: then indeed, when the wives and children of the patricians were compelled to beg their bread at the doors of their own palaces; plays, players, arts, sciences, and even the Roman name sunk in one universal ruin.

In conjunction with Colier, and other virulent declaimers against the stage, you seem to lay infinite stress on the authorities of those fathers who have condemned it; without once considering where they lived or when they wrote. Clement wrote in 192, Chrysostom in 354, St. Augustine in 436; all of them in Italy, when their followers were few, and those too newly converted. Feasts instituted in honor of the heathen gods were undoubtedly not only very indecent, but very dangerous sights for christian converts; they might have revived an affection for their ancient rites: but what is all this to us? we have not the same dangers to apprehend. I never heard that Mr. Garrick sacrificed to Pan, or Mr. Rich danced a jig in honor of Cybele. The former gentleman has indeed, it is said, dedicated a temple to a certain divinity called Σχαικοπιας, before whose shrine frequent libations are made, and on whose altar the fat of venison (a viand grateful to the deity) is seen often to smoke; but these profanations never entered the theatre, nor do I believe that any of the players ever as-

sisted at the sacrifices; so this must be considered as a mere piece of personal superstition, for which the man, and not the profession, is accountable.

You say, Salvian, a Bishop of Marseilles, in the fifth century, forbids his flock to enter a Theatre, because Venus is there worshipped; places for exercise, for there Minerva is adored; the Circuses, because homage is paid to Neptune; the Amphitheatres and wrestling places, for there Mars and Mercury are honored. And so, Sir, this is a reason why I am not to go to Drury-lane play house, Broughton's, the Riding house, or in a sculler to see the naval contention for Dogget's badge, where those heathen names were scarce ever heard. Let us suppose the following dialogue to happen between the father of boxing and a lover of the art:—

Mr. Broughton. I would attend Slack and the Nailer to-morrow, but I am told by my spiritual director, that you have a particular veneration for Mars.—Who! I, Sir? I assure your honor it is a confounded lie, let who will have told you so; for as I hope to be saved, I never heard of the gentleman's name in all my life! What! is he to stand for Westminster?

You may call this ridicule, but is it not reason?—Can any proposition be clearer than that the prohibition of the Roman Theatres to the primitive Christians, has no more relation to our playhouses, than to a horse-race at Barnet, or a ball upon my Lord Mayor's day. Besides, at the time these fathers lived, Rome's

fire and genius were extinct: like the walls of Troy, scarce the ruins remained. The arts began to decline, after the illustrious age of Augustus: they shone a little, it is true, in the reign of Trajan; but like the last efforts of an expiring taper, they gave one blaze to sink for ever, completing their countryman's poetical prophecy:

"Ætas parentum perjor avis tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiorem."

But what, my good Sir, was the practice of the several religious societies after the revival of letters? Were not the most interesting passages of the Old and New Testaments converted into plays? and did not their scholars perform them? their Directors wisely judging, that the useful blended with the pleasing, would be more readily received, and make a deeper impression, than a set of didactics delivered with dryness and enforced with severity.

But to bring this matter to a short issue.—Dramatic poetry was, without doubt, originally good. Tragedy was intended to purge the passions; comedy, to correct the follies of mankind. That these ends have been frequently neglected or mistaken, I shall readily grant; but what institution, human or divine, has not been converted by bad men to bad purposes? I wish we had not a notorious instance before us. Men have been drunk with wine, must then every vine be

destroyed? Religion has been made a cloak for debauchery and fraud; must we then extirpate all religion? While there are such cities in the world as London, amusement must be found out, as occupations for the idle, and relaxations for the active. All that sound policy can do is, to take care that such only shall be established, as are, if not useful in their tendency, at least harmless in their consequence; and where these can be found in a greater degree than at the Theatres, I believe it will not be easy for you to point out.

I shall not enter into a dispute with you upon the principles delivered at the Tabernacle. Your forms are above my comprehension; and, indeed, I believe your own. When we want an explanation of *regeneration*, the *new birth*, and that strange kind of spiritual commerce which you pretend to carry on with superior invisible agents, you refer us to feelings, which, as we never experienced, we can never understand; and to acquire those feelings, and yet preserve the right use of our senses, would be almost as easy as *cum ratione insanire*.

But though we do not feel the force of these mystic doctrines, the miserable effects are obvious enough. Bedlam loudly proclaims the power of your preacher, and scarce a street in town but boasts its tabernacle; where some, from interested views, and others, (unhappy creatures!) mistaking the idle offspring of a distempered brain for divine inspiration, broach such doctrines as are not only repugnant to christianity,

but destructive even to civil society. Pray, Sir, who among you are the *Antinomians ?** Are the doctrines of that sect the tenets of the Tabernacle? In vain are human laws instituted to guard the lives and properties of individuals, if a religion be tolerated which makes it a merit to deprive them of both. The greater crime you commit, the greater glory you give to God; the virtue of the blood of Christ being rendered meritorious in proportion to the greatness of the offence it is to expiate.—This very opinion I received as the sound sense of the gospel, in the village I now write from. A lady, with a fortune not inconsiderable, and with intellects not contemptible, having here fallen a victim to the villainous practices of a methodist teacher. It was this lady's hard fate, and not the cause you suggest, that first determined me to lay siege to the Tabernacle. We have broke ground with success, and I make no doubt that when our heavy artillery comes up, we shall soon carry the place. But to accelerate our approaches, it will be necessary to silence your last battery; for which reason I shall proceed (metaphors apart) to examine your charge of profaneness or blasphemy against me.

This accusation you support, by producing several abominable expressions, as you call them, from the

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* A sort of christian heretics, who assert that good works do not further, nor evil works hinder salvation; for that the *child of grace* cannot sin.—E.

character of *Mrs. Cole*, which you say are fit only for the mouth of a devil. Why, they do come from the mouth of a being very little better than the devil; but for those, she or her teachers are answerable, not your humble servant; these are her words, not mine. Would you have a mirror reflect beauty from deformity? I do my duty, if the copy is a faithful transcript of the original; and of that the public are judges. The plain points to be determined are these—Is there such a character in nature as *Mrs. Cole?* This granted—Is that character a proper object for the stage? If a detection of the most consummate hypocrisy, and guarding the most innocent and unsuspecting part of the creation from the crafts and subtleties of the most artful and designing, be of use to society, no object is more proper.

But then the words *providence*, *regeneration*, *grace*, *new birth*, should they be spoken upon a Theatre?—Why not? Though the abuse of these words may (as it is intended it should) cast an odium on the character that misapplies them; yet surely no dishonor is reflected on the words themselves, or the ideas they represent. Does any man condemn Ben Johnson for giving his hypocritical saints tribulation, and Annanias the language of the Scripture, though employed in a work diametrically opposite to the sense and spirit of the Scripture.

But to ridicule what is said in church! And why not, if what is said there deserves ridicule? Is it a crime to pick a pocket at church? Its being at church is an

additional reason why a man should not have done it; but it is no argument why he should not be punished for doing it.

Yet pray, why are the persons of methodists more sanctified than those of quakers, and other dissenters from the established church? Why their expressions more sacred? Yet the latter have found their way to the stage.

But if words, which are the mere arbitrary marks of things, are by any use so consecrated as never to be produced but in a particular service, what apology can you make for your principal, whose conversation is an eternal prostitution both of words and things? If profaneness consists in idly mentioning the Supreme Being, what offender must he be who makes him a principal agent in the most trifling common occurrences? If he is bit by fleas, he is "buffeted by Satan!" If he has the good fortune to catch them, "the Lord will subdue his enemies under his feet!" But as no words but his own can do him equal justice, I here present the public with a genuine letter, transmitted by him to town on his last expedition to Edinburgh.

To M. I. C. C. H. C—n C—ss.

"DEAR FRIEND IN THE SPIRIT,

"In my last from Alnwich, I informed thee how graciously our good God had dealt with his servant. From thence I journeyed on to Berwick, but was

sorely afflicted on the road. My mare, thou knowest, is an easy beast, yet most grievously was I chafed and galled; and I said within myself,—'This is the devil's doing, but the Lord will not suffer him to prevail against me;' and it happened accordingly; for behold! at an apothecary's in the next village I miraculously got a plaister of diaculum, which healed all my sores.

"At Berwick I sojourned with Rebecca Grunt, one of the faithful, and a fishmonger; and, like Martha, she ministered unto me; as it is said, "If I minister unto you spiritual things, shall ye not also minister unto me carnal things?" Salmon pickled we had for supper, on which the Lord enabled me to feed most plentifully.

"Much oil did I eat with my fish, and wine did I drink after it: wine maketh the heart glad, and oil giveth a cheerful countenance.

"Then laid I me down to rest, but was cruelly buffetted by the Prince of darkness in a dream. Methought the Tabernacle, which my own right hand had planted, suddenly took fire, neither was there water any where to be found. Then was I much vexed, and my spirit grieved within me; and I heard a voice cry unto me, Arise!—" (here some words occur that decency forbids me to transcribe); "even as Sampson destroyed the army of Philistines with the jaw-bone of an ass, so shalt thou quench this devouring flame; even as I was commanded, so did I; * * * * * * * * * * at the noise thereof I

awoke, and found it was but a dream; for * * * * * * * * *. Then I knew for a truth that it was the contrivance of the father of lies; for Rachael, the wife of my bosom, can testify it is not my wont so to do.

" Thine, in the fulness of spirit."

I shall make no comment on this epistle; of its authenticity the style is a sufficient evidence.

I think I have by this time, Sir, pretty well obviated all your remarks, critical and christian. Your question as to the quantity of wealth your friend may have amassed; he is, I believe, too cunning to let any body into that secret: but from your computation of males fit to carry arms who are listed in his service, and the price they are well known to pay for admittance into even the gallery of *his* Theatre, I should suppose his annual income must double the Primate's. To this may be added private benefactions and occasional contributions; the proportion of this that he allots to the poor, who, but himself, can discover? Some specious ostentatious acts, which it is a prostitution of the word to call charity, are the mere tricks of the trade, the baits, the springs. If he is so disinterested a minister, why did he not continue in his mission at Georgia? there he might have reaped a plentiful spiritual harvest. Butler has given a reason for another order of men, which, with a very little alteration, will do for him:—

"No Jesuit 'ere took in hand
To build a church on barren Land."[1]

I shall not animadvert upon the pretty copy of verses; with which you have closed your pamphlet; though, for decency's sake, if you are a minister of the church of CHRIST, I hope you are not impious enough to chant such compositions as this in your places of worship, by way of giving glory to GOD. There is a place, you say, where saints shall enjoy

"Eternal rest, an active, blissful state,
Joys ever new, transporting, ever great."

I hope, Sir, in this paradise of your own manufacture, you will allow your saints, after their "*active rest*," a sup of *dry drink*, and let them just take a *waking nap*, by way of a little *fatiguing refreshment*! The climax too in your next line is extremely happy; joys, not only "*transporting*," but "*great*."

But this is a trifle to what occurs in the progress of your poem. You there make a conveyance to your disciples of certain seats, which you pretend to have in the realms above; and you promise them not only a good neighborhood of patriarchs, *apostles*, and martyrs, but that the Tottenham teacher *himself* shall certainly settle among them. This puts me in mind of what happened at a certain place, in summing up the evidence against a libeller of the revolution. "The prisoner has dared, gentlemen, to vilify even the re-

volution, gentlemen, a measure, gentlemen, visibly begun, conducted, and completed, by the peculiar interposition of divine *Providence;* and not only that, gentlemen, but confirmed by *act of parliament.*"

Your two next lines, and the last I shall meddle with, are,

"In lofty strains, which angels cannot sing,
There saints shall praise their Priest and heavenly King."

And why cannot the angels sing the strains? Perhaps they are of your own composing; otherwise, we are told, that to sing praises was one great purpose of their creation. But I forget, these are your own angels too; and it is only reasonable that you should people your paradise.

Fie upon you! Are not you ashamed to cajole a parcel of ignorant mechanics into a belief, that by chaunting such inexplicable nonsense they are performing a sacrifice of praise agreeable to the great Author of their being? You a religious reformer! Are these the proofs of your mission?—You don't doubt that I shall have a call. In the mean time, let me give you one, repent; and, by way of atonement and mortification, summon your misguided flock; reveal your impious frauds, and restore the poor deluded people to their senses and their proper pastor. But if you will still persist, I must, after your ex-

ample, conclude with wishing that those teachers among you, who are mad, were confined closely in Bedlam, and those who are wicked were lodged safely in Bridewell; and then, I think, the public would get rid of you all. But while you continue triumphantly at large, spiritualized and divine as you may boast yourselves, I shall still take the liberty to follow you as the boy did Philip, with a loud memento, that "you are merely men."

COPY

OF THE

ORIGINAL LICENSE

UNDER WHICH

FOOTE

HELD THE

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

GEORGE the THIRD, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, &c. to all to whom these presents shall come greeting: Know ye, that we for divers good causes and considerations us thereunto moving, of our especial grace, certain knowledge, and in our motion, have given and granted, and by these presents, for us, our heirs, and successors, do give and grant unto our trusty and well-beloved Samuel Foote, of the parish of Saint Martins in the Fields, in the county of Middlesex, Esq. from the twenty-fifth day of June, in the year of our Lord Christ one thousand seven hundred and sixty-six, and to continue for and during the term of the natural life of the said Samuel Foote, full power, license, and authority, to gather

together, form, entertain, govern, privilege, and keep a company of comedians, for our servant to exercise and act between the fifteenth day of May and the fifteenth day of September in every year, (except on Sundays, and at such times as the Chamberlain of our household shall judge it proper and expedient, either on account of mournings or otherwise, to stop performances on the stage,) such tragedies, plays, operas, and other performances on the stage, only as have already been, or shall hereafter be licensed by the Chamberlain of our household, within the house commonly called or known by the name of the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, or within any other house or theatre built, or to be built, where he the said Samuel Foote can best be fitted for that purpose within the City of Westminster, or within the liberties thereof; which said company shall consist of such members as the said Samuel Foote shall from time to time think meet. And we do hereby for us, our heirs, and successors, grant us unto the said Samuel Foote full power, license, and authority, to permit such persons at and during the pleasure of the said Samuel Foote, from time to time, within the time aforesaid, to act plays and entertainments of the stage of all sorts, peaceably and quietly, without the impeachment or impediment of any person or persons whatsoever, for the honest recreation of such as shall desire to see the same. Nevertheless, under the regulations hereinafter mentioned, and such other as the said Samuel Foote, from time to time, in his discretion shall find

reasonable and necessary for our service. And we do hereby, for us our heirs, and successors, further grant to him, the said Samuel Foote as aforesaid, that it shall and may be lawful to and for the said Samuel Foote to take and receive of such persons as shall resort to see or hear such tragedies, plays, operas, or other performances on the stage, such sum or sums of money as either have been accustomably given and taken in the like kind, or as shall be thought reasonable, by the said Samuel Foote, in regard of the great expenses of scenes, music, and such new decorations as have not formerly been used. And further for us, our heirs, and successors, we do hereby give and grant unto the said Samuel Foote, full power to make such allowances out of the money which he shall so receive by acting such tragedies, plays, operas, and other performances on the stage as aforesaid, to the actors and other persons employed in acting, representing, or in any quality whatsoever about the said House or Theatre, as he the said Samuel Foote shall think fit. And that the said company shall be under the sole government and authority of the said Samuel Foote; and all scandalous and mutinous persons shall, from time to time, be ejected and disabled from playing in the said Theatre.

And for the better attaining our royal purposes in this behalf, we have thought fit hereby to declare, that from henceforth no representation be admitted on the stage, by virtue or under color of these our letters patent, whereby the christian religion in general,

or the church of England, may in any manner suffer reproach, strictly inhibiting every degree of abuse or misrepresentation of sacred characters tending to expose religion itself, and to bring it into contempt: and that no such character be otherwise introduced or placed in any other light, than such as may enhance the just esteem of those who truly answer the end of their sacred function. We further enjoin the strictest regard to such representation as any way concern civil policy, or the constitution of our government, that these may contribute to the support of our sacred authority, and the preservation of order and government. And it being our royal will and pleasure, that for the future our Theatre may be instrumental to the promotion of virtue and instruction to human life, we do hereby command and enjoin, that no new play, or any old or revised play, be acted under the authority hereby granted, containing any passages or expressions offensive to piety and good manners, until the same be corrected and purged by the said governor from all such offensive and scandalous passages and expressions. Provided always, nevertheless, that if the said Samuel Foote do, or shall sell, assign, transfer, or alienate in any manner, to any person or persons whatsoever, our letters patent granted to the said Samuel Foote, that then these presents are, and shall be to all intents and purposes, from the day of such sale, assignment, transfer, or alienation, altogether void and of none effect, any thing herein-before contained to the contrary thereof

in anywise notwithstanding. And these our letters patent, or the enrolment or exemplification thereof, shall be in and by all things good, firm, valid, sufficient, and effectual in the law, according to the true intent or meaning thereof, any thing in these presents contained to the contrary thereof in anywise notwithstanding, or any other omission, imperfection, defect, matter, cause, or any thing whatsoever to the contrary thereof in anywise notwithstanding. In witness whereof we have caused these our letters to be made patent.

Witness ourself at Westminster, the fifth day of July, in the sixth year of our reign.

By Writ of Privy Seal,

COCKS.

AN ACCOUNT

OF

THE TRIAL

OF

Samuel Goodere, Esq. & Matthew Mahony,

On the 25th of March, 1741.

For the Murder of SIR JOHN DINLEY GOODERE, BART. (*brother to* SAMUEL GOODERE, ESQ.) *on board the Ruby Man of War, then lying in the King's Road, Bristol.**

THE first witness called was Mr. Jarrit Smith, attorney at law, who deposed as follows:—

"I live on College-green. The Sunday before this murder was committed, the deceased, by an invitation, was to dine at my house the Sunday following; of which the prisoner being apprized, came into the neighborhood, and having sent for me, earnestly entreated me to admit him, the prisoner, into the company of his brother, the deceased, under pretence (as the prisoner said) of accommodating their differences

* See the earlier part of the first Volume, where the consequences of this Trial on the fortune of Foote are explained.

in an amicable manner. He was at the College-green Coffee-house, I went to him: and was so pleased with the proposal of the prisoner, and the hopes of their accommodation, that without the least hesitation I immediately introduced the prisoner into the company of his brother, the deceased; and in such a manner did the prisoner behave, that, seemingly, the deceased and he were as good friends as ever. After dinner I withdrew, and left them by themselves for the space of an hour, till I was called in; and after we had smoked a pipe together, Mr. Goodere took his leave of Sir John in the most friendly and affectionate manner possible. I believe it might be near six o'clock in the evening."

The testimony of the next two principal witnesses will be sufficient to exhibit the leading features of this transaction.

Charles Bryant.—"I was one of the six men hired by Captain Goodere, the prisoner at the bar, to seize the deceased, and forcibly to run him aboard the Ruby man of war, then lying in King's Road. We met, by the prisoner's directions, at the White Hart on College-green, where we had a handsome dinner and were placed in the balcony, that we might be ready to receive the signal, and obey the word of command, without giving the least suspicion to the people of the house. The room we dined in was opposite to Mr. Smith's house, so that we had notice in a minute when it was proper to seize Sir John. About six o'clock in the evening the signal was given: when

we left the White Hart, and overtook the deceased, just before he came to College-green coffee-house; where I, and five others, seized him at the word and command of the prisoner Goodere. We then immediately rushed on the deceased, and dragged him along towards the Rope-walk, where was a gang of twelve more, who were ready to assist us according to the prisoner's instructions. We then hurried the deceased along towards the Hot-wells, where a boat waited purposely to receive him."

Jones, Cooper of the Ruby, sworn.

Jones.—"Sunday, January the 18th, about seven at night, the Captain brought his brother Sir John on board, and conveyed him down to the Purser's cabin by force. When he was down the Captain asked, 'whether the cabin was clear?" (for the Thursday before the murder the Captain had ordered me to get the Purser's cabin ready for a gentleman who was coming on board). I answered, 'Yes, Sir:' then he opened the door, and the people of the ship forced Sir John in, he groaning all the while.

'When he was in, the Captain called for his Steward, and told him to bring a bottle of rum and a glass. The Captain then asked Sir John how he did? Sir John complained of pains, especially in his thigh—the Captain asked him 'if he would drink a dram?' Sir John said 'he had drank nothing but water for two years.' The Captain then asked him 'if he would have any rum to bathe his thigh? Sir John answered, 'No.' Then the Captain ordered a dram for Mahony

and Elisha Cole (the person first designed to commit the murder, but was too drunk for the purpose,) and after they had a dram they all came out of the cabin.

" Shortly after this, the Captain called one of the carpenters to put two strong bolts on the Purser's cabin-door, which was accordingly done, when Sir John asked 'if he could speak with any of the officers on board?' the Carpenter made answer and said, 'I am the Carpenter.' Sir John asked 'if he could speak a word with him?' he replied, 'an hundred, if he pleased.' Then the Carpenter opening the door in order to clench the staples, Sir John asked him 'What his brother Sam was going to do with him?—What! is he going to murder me?' The Carpenter replied, 'No, he is willing to have your company, Sir; he does it for your good.'—'But,' said Sir John, 'what will become of all my servants and my estate all this time?'—On this the Carpenter retired.

" Presently after the Captain came down again, and ordered the Doctor's first Mate to go and feel his pulse, saying, 'We must patch him up as well as we can; he is a crazy old man, go in and feel his pulse.' Accordingly the Doctor went in, and when he came to Sir John, he asked him 'where his pains were?' he answered, 'that he lately came from Bath, and had a pain in his head, and complained of many other pains occasioned by the rough usage he received in hurrying him on board.' 'Poh!' says the Captain, 'feel his pulse Doctor and come out:' so accordingly the Doctor came out, and the cabin door was shut. After this, I heard him

begging and praying 'for God to be comfortable to him in his afflictions, for that he believed he was going to be murdered, and hoped it would be brought to light, for that it was impossible it could be done without somebody hearing or seeing it.'

"I then went to bed, when about two or three in the morning my wife waked me, and I heard a vast struggling at first, and the old gentleman crying out, 'Twenty guineas—take it—take it—oh! must I die? must I die?' when very soon after all was quiet. Then a candle was handed into the cabin, and I saw through the crevice of the partition, Mahony hold the candle in his hand, and White plunder Sir John's pockets, turning his body in order to come at them, and then take out his watch and money; but White not getting the watch out of Sir John's pocket easily, Mahony said to him, 'D—mn it lay hold of the chain,' by which they got the watch out. In about a minute after this, I saw a *white hand* on the throat of the deceased, which I took to be the Captain's, when presently all went out of the cabin and left the deceased alone.

"Then I went to the Doctor's Mate and sentry, and by their opinion they took the old gentleman to be dead—from thence I went to the Lieutenant, and told him what I had heard and seen, and that Mahony and White had murdered the gentleman, and that I believed the Captain was concerned. The Lieutenant was very dubious about this matter at first, telling me 'he did not think the Captain would be guilty of any such thing;' but in giving him such plain de-

monstrations of the fact, he began to think there was something in it. While they were talking, a Midshipman came to acquaint the Lieutenant that the Captain had ordered White and Mahony ashore, but he swore they should not go ashore, for that they were the two persons who killed the gentleman; but the Midshipman returning to the Captain, he ordered 'that they should be put ashore immediately,' and accordingly they were.

"About nine or ten in the morning, the Lieutenant and the Gunner contrived a method how they should secure the Captain, which was, that I should go in and complain that I had lost six guineas out of my chest. Accordingly going in with this complaint, I seized him as he was walking with his hands behind his back, and the rest immediately rushed in and secured him. Upon the Captain's being thus seized, he cried out 'Hey dey! what have I done? what have I done?'—I replied, 'Sir, you are my prisoner; you was the cause of your brother's death last night."—The Captain replied, 'If there is murder done in the ship, I know nothing of it.' Accordingly he was secured, and the barge ordered out for four of the crew to pursue White and Mahony. They took White at the Bell, Marsh-street, swearing and damning at his mother for sending him so much money; he was soon conquered, and brought before a magistrate; when he was so drunk, that his confession was not taken till next morning. About twelve o'clock at night they took Mahony at a private house opposite

the ship on St. Michael's-hill steps, and carried him before a magistrate, who, when he was sober, along with White made a full confession of the murder, in which the Captain appeared to be the contriver and principal abettor of the whole.

The *Captain* being called upon for his defence, pleaded the utmost innocence, alleging, " how it could be thought he could be guilty of the murder of his brother Sir John, whereas by his death he lost at least *forty thousand pounds*—that the sickness and disorder of the house he was confined in, debarred him of his lawyers and friends conversing with him: that he applied to the present Captain of the Ruby, as soon as he was allowed pen, ink, and paper, for his evidences on ship-board, which were Lieutenant Perry, the Doctor, Mr. Robert Haythorn, Mr. Richard Wilson, and Mr. Hugh Driscal: that he had likewise applied to the Lords of the Admiralty, who sent him an order for that purpose, but that the ship sailed the day before it arrived, which debarred him of justifying himself, they being material evidences.

" In vindication of his causing Sir John to be seized in the manner he was, he urged that he was a lunatic, and therefore he did it in order to take better care of him: that his being taken in the day time on board was plain there was no secret design, or that he was to have any harm come to him; and that even at Mr. Smith's he behaved in a very mad manner, and took no leave; that the people on board knew of his

coming a week before, therefore, he said he must be very silly to bring a person before three hundred evidences to commit so vile an act, where nothing can be kept a secret above four hours."

The prisoner then called two young women to prove the prisoner a lunatic; one of whom believed him to be a lunatic or mad, because he would get up in the middle of the night and disturb the family: and the other, because he would sometimes busy himself in *hanging on the pot*, and other such menial offices.

A gentleman was called to prove that Sir John had made his will several months before:—but being asked concerning the disposition of Sir John, he replied, "that he was a good neighbor, and a kind landlord: and that he was so far from being a lunatic, as to be fully competent to negociate all his own affairs with his tenants, &c."

Another gentleman was called by the prisoner to his character:—when being asked whether he knew Sir John to be anyways mad, or the like?—he declared, "that he thought him so far from it, that he had more sense than all the whole family put together."

Mr. Smith also proved Sir John to be in his perfect senses when he left his house on Sunday the 18th of January.

The trial lasted nine hours: when the evidence appeared fully satisfactory to the jury, that in less than

fifteen minutes they returned a verdict of *guilty* against the Captain and Mahony.

Charles White was tried the next day for the said murder, and for robbing Sir John of eight guineas and a gold watch, who was found guilty on both indictments.—The day after they all received sentence of death, and in a few days afterwards suffered the public execution of the law.

THE END.

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